The Nation

Vol. CV NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1917 No. 2716

The Week

THE Senate, having agreed to vote on the Food bill Saturday, takes most of the week to discuss amendments, though there is general recognition of what its provisions must be. The President's influence has been thrown behind a reduction of the measure to as near its original form as possible, and this reduction is rapidly taking place. What the Senate does not do in eliminating hampering and dangerous clauses will be done in conference; but there is every reason to hope that the Senate will succeed in passing a sensibly simplified measure—one which gives the Executive adequate powers to control food, feed, and fuel, which will prohibit the use of foodstuffs in distilling spirits, and will authorize the President to commandeer bonded liquor. The latest development, the proposal for a Board to help execute the Food law, seems unobjectionable so long as the Board is under the President's control; and may reassure the frightened Reed, Gronna, and others. The National Council of Farmers' Coöperative Associations, representing 400,000 grain growers and 4,000 coöperative elevators, has just rebuked these men by asking, "Who is afraid to permit our Government to control the product of his labor . . . in order that ruinous speculation may be curbed?"

THE Trading with the Enemy bill passed last week by the House is important as broadening the powers which the Government has under the embargo clause of the Espionage act to stop shipments of direct or indirect value to the enemy. It makes possible also the seizure of certain stocks which German firms have bought and stored in this country for shipment after the war. But it is most important because of its provisions for the utilization of "enemy patents" under license of the Trade Commission, which will fix a compensation to be paid later. American regulations on the grant of patents to foreigners have been liberal, and it is impossible for an American to forestall a foreign inventor unless he has arrived at the same invention without knowledge that it has previously been produced abroad. On the other hand, American export authorities have warned inventors here that in many nations, including Germany, the first applicant for a trade-mark may obtain the right to its use whether or not he is the actual manufacturer or—by our theories—justly entitled to the patent. The number of American patents valid in Germany is sufficient to make of some force one Representative's fear lest they be abrogated. But there is scant danger that the bill would invite permanent abrogation; it is good for the war only, having provisions making possible the continued grant of German patents if Germany will reciprocate.

THE Exports Council of three Cabinet members and the Food Controller, working primarily with the machinery of the Department of Commerce, the head of which issues the regulations and licenses for export, must have expert and well-organized assistance. Already the Department has organized its Bureau of Export Licenses, with a division of war-trade intelligence, headed by Paul Fuller, and an advisory board, consisting of E. N. Hurley, late of the Federal Trade Commission; Vance McCormick, Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, B. D. White, representing the food administration, and Dr. E. E. Pratt. The former will handle the issuance of licenses. The magnitude of the work may be gauged from the fact that the first day here for receiving applications for licenses brought between 2,500 and 3,000 inquiries. Cargoes aboard Dutch and Danish vessels are represented, and will at once raise delicate questions. Of 500 applications filed, only 60 could be granted without reference to Washington. Until careful principles are laid down and the trustworthiness of hundreds of exporters looked into, delays must be expected.

THE President's order authorizing the Emergency Fleet Corporation to assume the full powers given the Executive to build ships and to purchase or requisition partly completed vessels and ship materials has been followed by an opportunity to simplify the whole problem. Gen. Goethals had his programme ready for the President's word of release, though Chairman Denman has temporarily withheld his approval of it. It shows that wooden ships have by no means been slighted, even though the ultimate emphasis will be upon steel. Contracts for 348 wooden ships of 1,218,000 tons have been let, and contracts for 100 more are pending; while contracts for only 77 steel ships, of 642,800 tons, have been let. In the future steel construction will be particularly "speeded up." Two Government-owned plants are at once to be contracted for, which will turn out 400 such ships of 2,500,000 tons in a maximum period of two years. Already designs and materials for the yards are ready. Finally, as was intimated a fortnight ago, yards which now have more than 1,500,000 tons of shipping for private account under construction will be Federalized, the ships commandeered, work expedited, and new construction undertaken as fast as they are cleared. Thus Goethals's programme looks to placing the United States in possession of a minimum of about 6,000,000 tons of shipping within two years. For this immense work more money will naturally be needed. Even wooden ships will have their place on the seas when peace comes, while our steel fleet will be invaluable.

EAST CLARE makes the third bye-election in Ireland which the Sinn Feiners—who stand for an Irish Republic—have carried. Their winning by a large majority of this supposedly secure Nationalist seat is another severe blow to John Redmond. It must seem all the more so because it was his brother's constituency. Major William Redmond, who was killed in battle, made a speech at his last appearance in the House of Commons which deeply affected those who heard it. It was an appeal to all parties to unite to satisfy the just claims of Ireland. He used these words:

> In the name of God, we here who are about to die, perhaps, ask you to do that which largely induced us to leave our homes,

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to do that which our fathers and mothers taught us to long for, to do that which is all we desire—make our country happy and contented, and enable us when we meet the Canadians and the Australians and the New Zealanders side by side in the common cause and the common field, to say to them, "Our country, just as yours, has self-government within the Empire."

An added pathos appears in this when we think that the Irish voters who elected William Redmond now declare that they have no confidence in the English Government, and will have nothing to do with the coming Irish Convention. Lloyd George once said that "too late" could be written on all of England's war measures. It begins to look as if it could be written also on her Irish measures. If Home Rule had been duly enforced, even despite rebellious Ulster, after it had been made law by Parliament, or if the Irish rebels had been dealt with less harshly last year, the Sinn Feiners would have been shorn of their strength. Now they can say, with some show of plausibility, that they represent the majority of the Irish people. Of course, the Irish Convention will be held; but if it comes to an agreement and submits its conclusions to a referendum, the Sinn Feiners will do their best to reject them. Thus do the ghosts of old wrongs rise to thwart the belated efforts of England to do justice to Ireland.

THE resignation of Austen Chamberlain, Secretary of State for India, illustrates excellently the workings of responsible government. Now that all the evidence is in, it seems fairly clear that the first Mesopotamian adventure came to grief not so much because of the personal incompetence of Chamberlain and Hardinge, as because of the incompetence of their military aides whose advice they took. Civilian Ministers must naturally depend upon experts for the equipment of expeditions, such as the original one against Bagdad and the later expedition sent for its relief. These experts are usually permanent officials about whose appointment the Minister has little or nothing to say. Nevertheless, the departmental chief is made answerable for all the sins of omission and commission of his department. On proof of failure due to inefficiency or incompetency, even if merely of subordinates, his resignation follows almost automatically. This principle of responsibility is so much a part of the warp and woof of English politics that it would be unthinkable for any man in public life to resist its operation. Sometimes a certain amount of injustice results. But what happens under an irresponsible bureaucracy is demonstrated by the retention in office of the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr Zimmermann, after his egregious Mexican blunder.

BRITISH submarine losses for the week ended July 8 offer a commentary on political developments in Germany. The sinkings are the lowest since the beginning of the submarine campaign five months ago. For the previous fortnight the indicated weekly score is about 65,000 tons. For the whole month of June the British losses would be about 450,000 tons, to which we should add another 25 per cent. for other belligerents and neutrals. It may well be that Herr Erzberger, in his attack on Bethmann-Hollweg, did not call for the abandonment of the submarine campaign. Such a move would be belated. But the rumors of the resignation of Admiral von Capelle, the Chancellor's plea for more time to show results, and Reventlow's strenuous denial that the submarine campaign has failed are evidence that the charge was made in the now famous session of the main committee of the Reichstag. Failure in this respect would be judged by the promises held forth in justification of the new U-boat warfare. Even the sinking of 600,000 tons a month, if maintained to the end of the year, would leave the Allies seriously weakened. Yet it was not to December that the German people were invited to look, but to the end of the spring that is now gone. German criticism of submarine policy at the beginning of the harvest year is corroboration of the encouraging figures that have been lately coming from the British Admiralty.

ALL sorts of deductions might be drawn from the considerable upheaval in newspaper ownership in Germany going on at present. The *Lokal-Anzeiger* has just been sold, it is believed, to the conservative elements. The *Vorwärts* some time ago went over from the opposition minority of the Socialist party to the majority working in harmony with the Government. The radical *Weser Zeitung* of Bremen announces that it is for sale, with the significant reservation that no Krupp interests need apply. The conclusion should not be hastily jumped to that the war party is trying to buy control of the whole German press. No doubt, hard times, expense of paper and ink, high cost of labor, and lack of remunerative advertising have made newspaper ownership unprofitable, and the censorship has made it unattractive. Men who wish to play a part in moulding public opinion no longer find an instrument in the press. But for the same reason the war party has no need to purchase additional newspapers. Any the extremists might now acquire would become suspect at once, and lose their value for propaganda. Conservative, Junker papers are probably as near bankruptcy as the rest, but are kept above water by subsidies from the Government or sources interested in keeping up the war for conquest.

IT is the good fortune of China that she was called upon to meet the sudden test of her belief in modern political ideas at the present moment in the temper of the world. Chang Hsun's crazy enterprise would have failed in any case. All the budding forces of the national life in China have been driving towards the preservation of republican institutions. Yet the struggle against the restored monarchy would have been a harder task than it has proved to be if everywhere the winds of the world-spirit were not blowing in the direction of popular freedom. For too many years we have been compelled to speak of the innate democracy of a people like the Russians or the Chinese as a precious raw ore that nevertheless must wait many years before being brought to market. The potentialities of a people made good enough rhetoric, but when it came to practical affairs, the Russian peasant could not get on without his Batushka-Czar, the Chinese coolie without his Divine Son of Heaven or the soldier who reigned in his name, and the Mexican peon without his Strong Man. We have lived to see the mighty potentialities of the Russian people break into full flower almost over night, the Mexican people over the threshold of a freer life, and China applying the democracy of her village communes to the needs of three hundred and fifty million souls. For some time to come, at least, the doctrinaire will be the man who clings to the belief that in the strong arm is the only guidance for a backward nation.

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THERE is much that is ominous both in the awakening of I. W. W. activity in the West and in the arbitrary methods employed to deal with it. The herding of men together on the suspicion that they are deliberate trouble-makers, their expulsion on freight trains at the point of the shotgun, may be very unfair to peaceable labor seeking to better its condition, is unlawful, even if the deported are undesirable characters, is practically foolish, in that the deported scatter seeds of trouble more widely, and is all too likely to lead to the bloodshed like that occurring in Everett, Wash. Such deportations doubtless seem to a small centre overrun with malcontents the only way of restoring normal conditions. There is the example of the "free speech" fight in Spokane some years ago, when an ordinance aimed at the I. W. W. brought thousands of men who deliberately spoke on corners, thronged the jails, and tried to drive the city—which finally compromised with them—into bankruptcy. The revolutionary industrialist of the groups led by Haywood and Trautmann, imbued with the idea of the abolition of the wage system, the chronic strike accompanied with "direct action," the denial that the employer has any more right to live than the typhoid bacilli to thrive at the expense of the patient, is an ugly customer; and when his activities become lawless, must be handled with the full rigor of the law. Unionized workmen of the American Federation of Labor are as antagonistic to him as any one. But the law ought to have its normal course. No Sheriff has the right to do what the one in Cochise County, Arizona, did. After Paterson and Lawrence, the East cannot preach pharisaically; but the whole country has an interest in seeing that local and State authorities in the West do not let a panicky mob-violence develop around those accused of I. W. W. leanings.

THE newest third party of an agrarian cast makes its début in national politics with the election of John M. Baer to Congress from North Dakota. The Non-Partisan League, which swept the State last autumn like a whirlwind, was expected to have little trouble with its Republican rival. So solidly are the farmers, Democratic and Republican, behind the League that the old party lines count for little; it was an almost complete obliteration of them last autumn which gave Frazier the Governorship by a plurality of 67,000 in a total vote of 110,000. The statement that Baer represents Socialist principles is misleading except in so far as we may regard the Non-Partisan League, with its demand for State-owned elevators, terminal markets, slaughter houses, and so on, as tinged with Socialism. Last autumn the Socialist candidate for Congress in this district received 622 votes in a total of nearly 35,000. Baer, who is just over twenty-five, will represent the point of view of the Northwestern farmer, which is conservative in as many ways as it is radical.

THE news that Indiana is to have no Constitutional Convention next January comes as a special disappointment to those who had been hoping for a notable victory for woman suffrage. A lower court recently held invalid in the law providing for the Convention the novel provision by which women might vote for delegates, who might in turn submit to the people a section admitting women to the franchise, upon which also, according to the law, the women might cast ballots. The prospect of voting upon their own right to vote so stirred the women of the State that they were registering for the election of delegates in far larger numbers than men when the decision against them interrupted this activity. Now the Supreme Court of the State has held the whole law invalid, on the ground that the Legislature cannot provide for a Constitutional Convention, but can only submit the question of holding one. It declined to pass upon the question of the right of women to vote for delegates or upon the result of the delegates' labors, holding that a decision upon that point was rendered unnecessary by the one upon the larger matter. As the Legislature does not regularly meet again until 1919, nothing but a special session can remedy a situation that is keenly disappointing to Hoosiers of all political faiths, who have been congratulating themselves that at last the State was in a fair way to get a new instrument of government.

THE account of the work of the Detroit League on Urban Conditions among Negroes to smooth the path of the colored immigrant from the South contains a lesson for other cities. Neglect the negro emigrating northward, make him feel an outcast, allow him to be exploited by influences which demoralize him, and you have helped prepare the powder for such an explosion as took place in East St. Louis. The human material coming from the South is plastic. It can be made industrious, law-respecting, and progressive, or can be abandoned to the saloonkeeper, gambler, and drug-vender to be made into the criminal character which furnishes the excuse for white violence. The Detroit League does what a similar body of whites and negroes working together could do anywhere in guiding colored newcomers to wholesome living quarters, providing sound amusements, helping them find work, and giving them an interest in self-improvement and civic usefulness. It should be imitated. Meanwhile, it is a good sign that a delegation of Southern business men headed by a Congressman, asking the Government to stop misrepresentation by Northern labor agents, has suggested that the task should be given to a bureau with a negro at its head.

WAR has been declared against whiskey to the end, beer and wine have been made to tremble for their existence, but no one has threatened even mildly the bitters, tonics, remedies, cordials, compounds, and elixirs which contain large percentages of alcohol. This fact recently drew some caustic remarks from Representative Meeker, of Missouri. He read into the *Congressional Record* a list of 746 patent medicines containing alcohol; very few indeed less than 10 per cent., more than half 20, and four actually over 90. As he said, the spread of prohibition is favorable to their sale, though doubtless the larger portion of their consumption is by people who believe in their medicinal value. A few have national reputations, but the great majority are manufactured and sold locally. To exempt alcohol used medicinally from the operation of a general prohibition law without giving a clear definition of what constitutes a medicine would be almost farcical. The Pure Food law made it much more difficult for obviously fraudulent compounds to prey upon the ignorance and desperation of poor and ailing people; but it made clearer than ever their appeal to the tippler. Doubtless the day of reckoning for these nostrums approaches, but it comes slowly.

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Shaken Germany

THE governmental changes in Germany are, frankly, open to two interpretations. They may be thought of as a good deal of a sham—intended to mislead the German people and deceive the outside world. Some skeptical comments are to that effect. They point to the whole manœuvring as simply the by-play of an autocracy which is, to be sure, embarrassed, but has no thought of surrendering control. Look at it, say the cynics, the fall of a Chancellor caused purely by the Emperor's volition! No adverse vote in the Reichstag. No statement of policy by Bethmann-Hollweg, by which he would stand or fall. No explanation by him of his dismissal. No direct consultation of the people by the Kaiser. Everything done by and for the dynasty, including the naming of a new Chancellor of whom nothing is known except that he has been trained in the straitest sect of the Prussian bureaucracy, and of a new Foreign Minister to whom Liberalism is abhorrent. The whole is solely a reshuffling of the cards by the Hohenzollerns, with Hindenburg and Ludendorf standing by to see to it that nothing is done to injure the military caste. What could be more unblushing?

It is true there may be certain shams in the German political upheaval, but behind them lie deep and unmistakable realities. The chief reality is the fact that Germany is at last thoroughly shaken. There is no longer satisfaction with the way in which the Empire was led into war; there is a vanishing of confidence, or even hope, in its outcome. German idols are falling. The Kaiser has lost a large part of his popularity. Even the name of Hindenburg is no longer one to conjure with. There is a visible and growing rift between Austria and Germany. The attack on the German war policy made in the Reichstag by Erzberger was partly inspired at Vienna and prompted by Church influences, and was tantamount to a notification to the Kaiser that his Austrian ally would no longer follow him blindly, and that a majority of the Reichstag, with the great mass of the people behind it, was against persistence in an unyielding war policy. It was these signs of a rising storm which made the Emperor hurry to Berlin and summon the Crown Prince, along with his military commanders. The steps taken to meet the storm may have been insincere and inadequate, but there can be no doubt that the Hohenzollerns saw the heavens black above Germany. The spiritual resistance, the soul-unity, of the German nation has been broken down. It now wants peace with a desperate longing.

Consider the terms of the peace resolution which the majority leaders of the Reichstag have prepared and are to press. It is not a full offer of satisfactory terms. In the nature of the case it could not be that, as yet. But both in what it asks and in what it proposes to give there is the clearest evidence that the German temper about the war has completely changed. No "forced acquisitions of territory"—there falls the glittering fabric of the Hohenzollern dreams of 1914! No "economic blockade or stirring up of enmity among the peoples after the war"—there speaks the deepening fear of German industry and commerce that the war may deal them a mortal blow. Of course, the peace resolution talks of Germany's self-defence, and seeks to throw the blame on others. That was to be expected. That is the chaff on the threshing-floor. But there is no further assertion of the proud will to conquer. Hindenburg said that the war would be won by "nerves," and German nerves are failing to endure the pressure. A vast change has come over the mental map of Germany. We do not say that it means impending collapse or surrender, but it does mean that the exaltation of spirit and the hopes of victory which sustained Germany during the first two years of the war have now disappeared. Lloyd George was right in telegraphing to the Russian Prime Minister that the Allies are now entering upon "the last phase of the war."

This is the great reality which subsists amid all that may be pretence in the German political world. No sane German any longer thinks that his country can possibly conquer. With hope in arms abandoned, hope in a negotiated peace necessarily follows. This is all that is left to Germany to-day; and this is the underlying cause of all the concessions to the German democratic spirit, and of all the Ministerial shifts. Alongside the immense political forces now in activity, personalities seem trivial. One hardly feels like stopping to characterize the deposed Chancellor. He was a weak man thrown upon iron times, and became the sport of powers too weighty for him. No enemy could have written a deadlier memorial for him than he himself did in his phrase about the scrap of paper, and in his standing up in the Reichstag to confess in the face of all the world that Germany was beginning the war by trampling upon her treaty with Belgium and defying the law of nations. That was enough to assure to von Bethmann-Hollweg an unhappy immortality, without his afterthought explanation that the victim which Germany brutally ravished was about to attack her!

The President on War Prices

PRESIDENT WILSON'S proclamation, or statement to the public, on the question of war prices contains much that is excellent and sound, but some things that will be sharply challenged. Of the general propriety of his appeal to the country, there can be little doubt. He makes it for two reasons. One is his desire to let the people know what is going on and to ask their aid. He apparently wishes to create a public sentiment which will sustain the Administration in the exercise of its lawful powers, and will also assist it in obtaining the enactment of further laws that may be necessary. His second motive is, doubtless, by this kind of publicity to serve notice on the individuals and the great corporations interested in furnishing to the Government war supplies. Negotiations with such companies in the endeavor to fix prices by voluntary and friendly agreements are still going on. Mr. Wilson seeks to give them to understand that, in any event, the Government will not allow itself to be bled under the plea of exigencies of war.

From the general principle which the President lays down there can be no dissent. The cost of this war will reach appalling figures. A heavy burden of taxation will be laid upon the country for years to come. The next generation will have to bear its share. It is therefore of the first importance to see to it that the Government is not made to pay through the nose for its war purchases. For every dollar of debt or taxation imposed by the war, there must be a dollar's worth of material or of service to show. A war lavishly conducted, with contractors' profits scandalously

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great or even positively dishonest, we could not ask our children to pay for. It may be something new for an American Government to take this stand—unhappily, it was not taken in the Civil War or in the Spanish War—but it is high time that the thing was done. The President may count upon being sustained by the nation when he sets his face against all war jobbers and exploiters. The people will uphold the Government in refusing to be held up.

As the President is careful to point out, the Government is not helpless in the face of would-be contractors. It has plenty of law at its disposal. In the last resort, it can commandeer what it finds itself unable to buy at fair prices. Naturally, the property thus taken would have to be paid for; and, as has just been brought out in the case of the proposed seizure of distilled liquors, the "just compensation" would, in the end, be a matter for the courts to determine. But, if necessary, the Government could proceed with the utmost vigor and directness to supply itself with the needed war material. That power, it is evident, the Administration hopes not to be compelled to employ. All that the President says is that the Government is going to attempt to fix the prices it will pay for supplies. Manifestly, the intention is to go on as before with the method of private adjustment.

It is when the President takes up the problem of a "just price"—and this not only to the Government, but to the public—that it becomes difficult to follow him. He himself admits the difficulty of writing "justice" into market prices. And beyond the simple question of cost of production, he confesses the need of allowing for "good wages" and such profits as will furnish at once the desired incentive to capital and the funds required for maintenance and expansion of the business. To ascertain all this would be enough to rack the brains of ten economists. And if they succeeded, and were able to eliminate all profits except those which the President describes, what would become of the war tax on "excess profits"? From that source the revenue bill expects to get hundreds of millions; but if the President's programme were literally carried out, there would be no excess profits to tax. Instead of being paid at the source, the tax would be dried up at the source.

This is the more evident when we consider that Mr. Wilson would put the general consumption on a level with Government consumption. He distinctly says: "We must make the prices to the public the same as the prices to the Government." Truly, a large order! We say nothing now about the advisability, or the possibility, of such sweeping governmental control—running beyond the dreams of most Socialists—but will only refer to the way in which this rigid system of absolutely uniform prices would not only go against established business practices, but would tend to defeat its own objects. For it would not discriminate at all between large shipments and small, between hurry orders and delayed deliveries. Moreover, take such a case as this—by no means imaginary. A concern is embarking in a new and profitable enterprise, or expanding an old one, for which it needs, and needs early, a supply of steel. It is willing to pay a high price to get it, because it sees a high profit in sight. Delay would mean loss. Yet the President would appear to rule out such natural and competitive bidding for quick deliveries and forbid a private company to pay more than the Government, even if in the act the way was open to excess profits which the Government could proceed to tax. It seems to us that there are great possibilities of confusion in all this. The whole question will require much more careful working out than apparently it has yet had.

The Limits on Free Speech

NOT often do the law and common-sense hit it off together as they did in the admirable deliverance which Federal Judge Rose gave from the bench at Baltimore last week. Two prisoners had been on trial before him on the charge of conspiring to cause young men to evade or violate the Conscription law. At the conclusion of the case, he directed the jury to return a verdict for the accused, accompanying the direction with a definition of the extent and the limits of free speech in this country that deserves to be emblazoned in every court house in the land. It is not only for what he said that the remarks of Judge Rose merit attention; he so far forgot his profession for the moment as to clothe his utterances in language that anybody can understand and nobody can easily mistake. He began by giving the widest bounds to opinion. "Every man," he said, "has a perfect right to any opinion he may see fit to form about any law that is proposed or about any law that is on the statute books." Upon this right there is no limitation whatever.

Nor does one easily overstep the line when one sets out to attack a law. "Any man may do anything in itself lawful to secure the repeal of any law that is on the statute books," is Judge Rose's sweeping dictum. He may talk? Of course. Talk nonsense? Certainly. What would a constitutional guarantee of free speech be worth that frowned upon the solemn proclamation of absurdities? Here indeed is the heart of the matter. Our very conception of free speech is of an arena in which the forces of truth and error are continually fighting for the mastery. It is the glory of our Constitution that it does not undertake to pronounce once and for all upon anything, a display of modesty that might well commend itself to those who mock at it for not declaring the eternal verities. It crowns those who live under it with the sacred privilege of talking like either gods or idiots, whichever they can best do. It sees nothing disturbing in the possibility that millions of people will say one thing, and millions of other people will say the exact opposite, each set of arguers believing that they are declaring the simple truth and that the others are spouting folly and not impossibly undermining the state. Anybody may attack any law, says Judge Rose—even the law for the selective draft, "and he is not answerable for the wisdom of his arguments."

He need not even be sincere. "He could not very well be put on trial," is the judicial pronouncement, "even for the good faith of some" of his arguments. He may outrage the laws of reason and of good taste at every turn, but that is his right. Sentence must be pronounced upon him for his conduct in another court than that constituted of lawyers and judges. If his neighbors can stand him, the law has nothing to say. It is for them to send him to Congress or to Coventry. Where, then, is the line? When does the law acquire an interest in what one says? The answer is given by Judge Rose in a crisp sentence:

But there is one limit: so long as the law is the law, it is the

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duty of every man to obey it and he may not under color or pretence of arguing against the wisdom of the law or of advocating its repeal do anything with intent to procure its violation.

Say what you please about a law, but do not impede its operation. It is a plain path, in which no honest person need have any difficulty in walking. The most vigorous opponent of the conscription measure is not under the slightest obligation to leave off opposing it merely because it is a law and no longer only a proposed law. But he is under the same obligation not to preach disobedience to it which he and everybody else are under with regard to a law that he heartily approves. If he cannot conscientiously obey it, he can conscientiously and without complaining suffer the penalties for his inability to obey it. That is not in reality to show a lawless spirit. But to encourage violation of a law merely because you do not like it is to make yourself legally liable.

The moral is not for the private citizen alone. If he must refrain from breaking the law, the law's officers are equally bound to refrain from interfering with him when he is breaking, not the law, but the arguments that buttress the law. He may be doing greater damage to the law by attacking while obeying it than by disobeying it. Disobedience may recoil upon the head of the recalcitrant and leave the law intact, while the attack may result in the law's repeal. But that is our way. To us, the difference between despotism and democracy is that in a despotism you must obey a law or an edict without questioning, while in a democracy you must obey the law, but may question it as much as you like.

Volunteer Work for the Government

SECRETARY LANE has a gift for pungent phrasing, and he makes free use of it in his long explanation and defence of the Advisory Commission acting with the Council of National Defence. The members of that Commission have been the subject of left-handed remarks in Congress; and there has even been an attempt to legislate against them as if they were capable, as Secretary Lane puts it, of robbing a church or an orphanage. What their real functions are, and the spirit in which they have been serving the country, he sets forth in a way to dispel all honest misapprehension. They have nothing to do directly with Government contracts. In that matter they merely make recommendations. All final decisions lie with the Council of National Defence. But the special knowledge and the energy which the Advisory Commission has brought to its work have been invaluable. No salary could pay for such services. And the fact is that these men are giving their time and labor. To quote Secretary Lane:

> These men who made up these committees came down here for the war—and they came down to help us. And they have helped us. They have worked day and night and paid their own way, crowded a half dozen in a room, and annoyed all the time because they couldn't satisfy their good strong Yankee executive instinct by doing things, instead of advising how they could be done. . . I honor those men, and I hope that Congress or some other authority will authorize for them an emblem similar to that given in Canada and elsewhere showing that these men are in national service.

The persons referred to by the Secretary are only a few among a great multitude. Since the outbreak of the war, an extraordinary amount of business talent and expert ability has been put freely at the service of the Government. We have never known anything like it in this country, and we doubt if any of the belligerent nations, even after the strain and the sacrifices of three years of war, can show anything finer than the willingness of the best brains of the United States to serve the public interest. When the full story of it all can be told, we shall know better the extent and value of this volunteer work. Men whom money could not hire—many of them are of large means—have given themselves up to tasks which are both hard and thankless, but which somebody had to attack, and upon which they are lavishing their effort. In many cases this has meant the temporary abandonment or dislocation of their private affairs. But these they have turned over to subordinates, so that they might devote their skilled energies to national work. The whole has been as inspiring a display of public spirit as America has ever seen.

The appeal, this year, has been quite exceptional. It was because these men felt the magnitude of the crisis thrust upon the nation that they came forward so freely. In perceiving from the beginning the gigantic exertions which the country would be called upon to put forth, they gave evidence of their sagacity; and in offering to coöperate to the fullest they made proof of their patriotism. Fortunate the republic which has so many sons of this kind to spring to its assistance! And we should hate to think that the enthusiasm and zeal which have prompted these notable endeavors will pass away with the special emergency. The question we cannot too soon begin asking is whether the country cannot keep on, after the war, utilizing for the public weal these vast forces of whose existence we were almost unaware. Is there not, in this most heartening rallying of our finest ability to the service of the nation at war, promise of a more free placing at the disposal of the nation at peace of our great reserves of high business capacity and organizing genius?

We would fain hope so. Looked at from a just standpoint, the labors to be undertaken when the war ends will be as important and appealing as those imposed by its continuance. There will be a vast work of readjustment to grapple with. It will extend to many fields—financial, industrial, social, political. It is a commonplace that the world can never be the same after this disintegrating and distorting war. It will have to be made over. America as well as Europe will have to tackle an enormous job of reconstruction. Men cannot wring their hands and say: "Well, God mend all!" In the spirit of the old Puritan they must cry out: "Nay, but we'll help Him to mend it." If the United States is now assured that it possesses a stock of unused talent, ready to spend itself for the common good, it is certain that all of it can be worthily employed in the coming days of peace. By more frequently accepting public office; by private organization; by keeping up the free play of our clearest intelligence upon the big social and political problems, American business men, captains of industry, can do mighty deeds for their land in times of peace. All lovers of their country, all believers in human progress, will earnestly hope that the splendid free-will offerings of our ablest men, in order to bring the war to an end, will not fail us when the equally imperious demands of civic duty in times of peace sound in our ears.

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French Universities and Our Scholars

"SOME nations export iron, some wheat, some coal," writes L. Houllevigue in the *Revue de Paris;* "France exports ideas." This is a boast that is familiar since the French Revolution, but that has seldom been connected, as here, with the French universities. Yet the writer furnishes evidence for his declaration that the universities play a direct part in the spreading of intellectual and moral light into other lands. In 1914 there were 6,132 foreigners enrolled in the higher institutions, one-seventh their total attendance. The largest number were Russians, driven from home by the academic poverty there or the restrictions against Jews, or attracted by the intellectual *entente.* Rumania sent nearly 500; Turkey, in whose Syrian and Armenian dominions French schools flourish, sent over 300; Bulgaria nearly as many. The two reasons why we think of French influence without special thought of the universities are that their peculiar light is lost in the broader illumination of the whole French mind and imagination, and that comparatively few American students go to France to study. We know that the University of Paris is one of the greatest and largest in the world. But the mighty reputation of German universities since the days of Ticknor and Everett, and our kinship with Britain, have sent most of our students who go abroad to Germany and England.

Undoubtedly injustice has been done in this to France and ourselves; though as for the latter part of this statement, French culture, thanks to the sympathy, constructive quality, and communicativeness of the French mind, is more capable of making itself felt without formal instruction than that of any other nation. Adjuncts of drill, discipline, and machinery are not necessary to enable us to apprehend almost to the full the qualities of the republic. But from the strictly academic point of view, our universities and their students lose much in that, among the leavening influences which come in from all the great European nations, the French contribution has hitherto been so small.

France at the present has her full share of great seats of learning. After the war of 1870, when Renan thought France dying, there was little provision for foreign students, and few opportunities for well-organized work leading to a definite goal; and this at the time that Walcott Gibbs and Gilman were introducing German traditions anew into our teaching system. Even yet French universities are not so wealthy as some of the German or American. But the French educational budget has risen from about five million to seventy-five million dollars yearly, exclusive of local appropriations; old universities have been revived and new ones established; Lyons, Grenoble, Toulouse, and others have become noble institutions, and there is a prosperous university even in Algiers. In Paris public and private enterprise have built up the Collège de France till it is in the vanguard of science; the National Library has been enlarged with provision for research; museums, laboratories, and scientific institutes have been founded in great numbers, and many special schools have risen in affiliation with or outside the University of Paris. Administrative changes, finally, have been undertaken with an eye to the demand of the foreigner.

A body of American university men, headed by Dean John Wigmore, of Northwestern University, has been organized for the foundation of a considerable number of American fellowships, and for the general encouragement of study in France. A volume devoted to that end, setting forth what "Science and Learning in France" can do for the American matriculant, has been written by a group of American professors, each chapter dealing with a special field of scholarship. The result is an impressive display of academic resources, but being principally a catalogue, it does not present the salient arguments for French influence as a whole. From Germany our academic system has gained immensely in organization, in precision, and in interest in research, and it has retained or borrowed special Anglo-Saxon qualities. But the French subtlety, refinement, and philosophical grasp, valuable in themselves, would also be a corrective for the narrowness that springs from too much organization and too rigid research.

It is plain that the war will leave French civilization in a position of special esteem. The world, wishing, in Charles W. Eliot's words, to see her national spirit not only preserved, but reinforced, will be ready to turn to her in a way that it would not before she had demonstrated her immense devotion to her ideals. M. Houllevigue expects a much greater immigration than ever before of British, North American, and South American students, and appeals for provision to meet them. For the United States the effort of the Society for American Fellowships in French Universities is a resumption of an ambition that Franklin and Jefferson cherished until the French Revolution interrupted it. It will doubtless succeed, and will be symptomatic of much more than a mere appreciation of French scholarship.

Virtu in Paris

THE selling season of what Lord Chesterfield called "articles of *virtu*" has been a surprise to Paris. Sales have been frequent and prices, with significant exceptions, are heavy. Where does the money come from in these hard times of war?

In a quarter of Paris where diamond cutters and setters used to abound I have a photographer who furnishes me "identities" of my physiognomy without a hat at eighty cents a dozen. They are needed for all the divers official papers which I must carry about with me to prove to curious authorities that I am myself. It is a war industry and a progress on Mother Hubbard.

> If I be I—as I think I be—
> My little dog he will know me!

I am now using my third dozen of such photographs and have become acquainted with the photographer, who is a Belgian of the quarter. In the way of business, he knows who and what are the foreigners of his neighborhood. I asked if diamond workers from Antwerp and Amsterdam were still there as before the war.

"More than ever!" was his answer.

I had seen figures of exports of diamonds from France to the United States, and I made what I thought an obvious remark: "So Americans are still buying enough diamonds in Paris to keep the trade going."

The reply threw a sidelight on this and on other wars.

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"Americans may be buying from the big houses, but our quarter is kept working for some one else."

He added mystic words to soothe my astonishment—*"Mercantis—nouveaux riches—parvenus!"*

Such names are applied freely to war traders and furnishers and generally to "profiteers"—a new name for a class not new, but recurring in every war. I remember that one of the American fortunes spent in Paris was made at the beginning of our Civil War by a street-car horse contractor of a Western city, who had the market in his hand and furnished the Northern cavalry.

There is many a question—military, political, economical, social—in such a matter. In this particular domain—diamonds and jewels and articles of *virtu* and paintings and all art that helps to the magnificence of life—the influence of the newly rich will long be felt in the market. They are the men, said worldly wise Petronius, whom Nature creates when she wishes to make a joke.

It seems to me I discern in these springtime sales something of this. An extraordinary variety has been shown in the art works offered, and many of them have been of a high order of artistic merit. It is now the third year of war, and there is naturally an encumberment of art. Some of it has to be put on the market for legal reasons, as in cases of collections which form property that has to be divided because the collector has died and his heirs care less for his treasures than for the money they expect from them. And this, too, is from of old.

For there is a man whose labour is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man that hath not laboured therein shall he leave it for his portion.

In all these sales, the high prices have been for objects of permanent intrinsic costliness or passing fashionable ostentation. A very renowned collection formed by the widow of a forgotten American expatriate of a generation ago had its jewels and precious stones sold for amazing prices. It was the same for tapestries and furniture in styles which are now much in vogue. On the contrary, art which is of permanent value, which will be as interesting in a hundred years to come as it was a hundred years ago and is now to sane human eyes, has not impressed these new buyers. Even reputed dealers have let bargains go by as if they expected little taste and less history from their public after the war. I cannot help thinking that some of our American art galleries have lost chances to complete their collections in the historical sense as well as in the representation of art schools.

Artists of the passing generation—fleeting past—may smile loftily at the name of Rosalba Carriera and her pastel art. It is true that she graduated up from Venetian lace—but that sells well. All the early eighteenth century is in her delicate tints and dainty subjects, like rose leaves keeping their color in love letters of a great-grandmother. It was thought two examples of her art might bring 15,000 francs. They were sold for 5,000 francs apiece, a poor thousand dollars, while noisy experiments in color which signify nothing in the generations of man soared upward. It is Rosalba, with her Venetian graces, who will still be remembered in 2000 A. D.

Some fond collector had gathered twenty-three pictures of Chintreuil—and his heirs naturally hurried to sell them. A little patience would have been to their profit, for it can hardly be believed they would sell at prices so low in piping times of peace. Chintreuil has an assured place with all those who look with their own eyes and not another's at the world's greatest landscape painting. He was the disciple of Corot, who counselled him; and he did not take his master's style. His green depths are his own and equal those of Rousseau, also of that ilk. He has clear design as well—and composition, which is more than can be said of the recent paintings that carried off the great prices with their confused lights and art-dealers' advertising. I do not dare say in dollars the figures of this sale of Chintreuil's paintings—of unequal interest, it is true. But I bet on Chintreuil, against dealers and those who follow advertising in art, for the twenty-first century.

Not fashion in Art, but Beauty—that which pleases when seen—will last finally, even in Paris *virtu*. S. D.

Paris, June 1

A Commencement Address to Commencement Addressers

THE commencement period is safely over. At first casually, then with a purpose, I skimmed the daily papers for abstracts of addresses delivered in this open season for oratorical pronouncements. Having a fair auditory imagination, I know just how I should have felt had I been present at a certain group of these gala academic occasions. My feelings would have taken the form of restless resentment. I should like to gather speakers from all over the country and talk to them freely, possibly disrespectfully. I propose to set down what I should say to them. Among my imaginary audience would be found many men of distinction in many callings. The largest group of one kind would be college presidents. So I shall direct my remarks rather pointedly but not invidiously to them.

* * * * *

Honorable Sirs: I have in spirit listened to your several orations with such attention as my perturbed spirit permitted. With proper unanimity you have chosen to speak of some aspect of the great war. With expected unanimity you have all taken the same side of the question; for there is only one side. You have vented your holy indignation vehemently and righteously against the unspeakable defamation of humanity which a nation professing a superior leadership in *Kultur* has deliberately perpetrated. You spoke with feeling of the awful sufferings of the heroic innocent; you spoke with sorely tried restraint of the violations of treaties, the fiendish disregard of all ethical considerations, the insult to cherished values of Christian civilizations. I heard the tremor in your tones (for I have a fair auditory imagination) as you mentioned the ruthless destruction of the Library at Louvain and the reckless assault upon the Cathedral at Rheims. When you recalled the Lusitania, tears were in your eyes. When you referred to Scarborough, you were in an ugly frame of mind; and when you cited the fact that a medal was struck in Germany to commemorate the dastardly attack, you were in a mood which if sustained would be an asset to your profession. You reached your climax when you considered the horrible philosophy of the defence of these outrages; you insisted with authoritative undeniability that the gospel that "Might makes Right" shall perish from the earth. You hurled your choicest epithets against the

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apostasy of the Teutonic scholars whose apologies were even more hopeless than the atrocities committed by their uncouth compatriots. In all this you were right: right in cause, right in violence, right in indignation, right in the appeal to duty to put an end to this nightmare forever; and right in your closing determination that the world must be made safe for democracy.

But what I question is your right to say these things at all. I question your right to stand as the leaders and spokesmen (often self-appointed) of your fellow-men. For I remember one fact, one damning fact, which you seem strangely and completely to have forgotten. There are only three years between 1914 and 1917. Truly, much has happened in those sorrowful years; but all that should have quickened your memories, not obliterated them. Many of you have not only good memories, but a fair historical sense. In June, 1917, you are able to point out that this awful policy of Germany has been hers since the days of Frederick the Great; you cited now this and now that convincing proof, decades old, of the designs of Germany, the unmistakable evidence that she long ago willed this war and prepared for it. Most of all, you agree that the invasion of Belgium alone told the whole story, told it to its completest guilt. But all that happened in August, 1914, three years ago. So the question that I ask you is this: What did you say then? What did you *do* then? For some of you I must answer: "Simply nothing"; for others, in my humble opinion; "Worse than nothing." For there were many of you, college presidents and others, who maintained that our highest duty lay in that inspiring gesture of neutrality. There were some of you who officially requested those in some manner subject to your jurisdiction, to refrain from public and even private utterance in regard to the contentious issues of the war, to be most careful not to offend those who by birth or allegiance had relations to Germany. You forbade the use of the war in class-room for historical exposition, and threw away the largest stimulus to learning that youth ever encountered.

This, then I ask you to remember: that your indignation, your championing of high principles, your arraignment of German policy, were absolutely as valid in 1914 as in 1917. Events may move with paralyzing rapidity to conform or disturb; but principles—those principles which in June, 1917, you called "enduring" and "of ancient heritage"—were as old and as established then as now. Their violation was also as flagrantly clear. You must excuse my skepticism when I question whether the hot indignation that your voice betrayed in speaking of the Louvain Library has been thermos-bottled all this time, and now gushes forth in geyser-like spontaneity. You may admire your self-restraint in holding back so long; but I do not. The unpleasant message that I have to deliver to you is plainly this: That by your attitude and actions in 1914 you disqualified yourselves from any right to speak as you do in 1917.

Now, on this point there must be no misunderstanding; for some of you have unusual powers of misunderstanding. So let us consider the matter under points one, two, and three. Point one refers to official neutrality. That was a matter for Washington to decide; and it was your business and mine to accept the decision. But that has nothing to do with moral neutrality or indifference, nor does it justify a place-in-the-bleachers view of the spectacle; that has nothing to do with academic suppression; that has nothing to do with accepting our joint responsibility and your particular responsibility and doing our bit to make it clear where we stand. Now personally I believe the decision at Washington was wrong; and along with many thousands who said so then, I said so. I believe that there were perfectly proper diplomatic ways open to express America's attitude forcibly on August 1, 1914. The question of entering the war need not have been involved. But it is still a tremendous question, if on August 1, 1914, Germany had been unmistakably informed what it would mean to the great nations of the world if she persisted in her violation of the guaranteed neutrality of Belgium, whether she would have gone quite so far as she did. And I say this only because I say it as a pacifist—a rational pacifist, I hope; as convinced a pacifist in 1917 as in 1914—for my principles stand more than a three years' wear. My pacifist conviction regards the chief official enemy of mankind as militarism; and that has now become America's embattled position. If you assert that the official neutrality carried with it the kind which you imposed—I speak only to those who actually imposed it, and know that most of you are innocent of this though not of other charges—then I call that responsible stupidity.

Let us hasten to point two. This relates to your retrospective insight. If you set forth in defence that no one could be expected to foresee the course of events, that it is the cumulative and sustained and aggravated and malicious and ultimately intolerable transgressions that have roused your pent up indignation and your present views, you place yourself in an embarrassing position. You seem to make murder and perjury and outrage and a brazen disregard of moral and international codes a quantitative affair, venial in the single instance, not to be harshly judged for fear of offending the guilty with whom you have not broken official relations. Note how constantly, how insistently, and withal properly, you one and all kept close to the ethical reasons for America's entry into the war. We all commended you for placing our national grievance in the second rank, as compared with our duty to defend the common interests of liberty and democracy that are at stake. Very well, then—these interests were treated with sufficient brutality in 1914 to arouse all the antagonism and sacrifice that a full-blooded man commands. And if you were blind in 1914, that is an equally embarrassing excuse for being eloquent in 1917. It behooves you to remember that others were not. Retrospective insight is no warrant for the assumption of leadership. In your case it is not even the wisdom of the staircase, for that comes annoyingly just too late, while your belatedness raises suspicions.

Now, mind you, I don't find fault with you because you preferred an exaggerated, formal, and dangerous neutrality of suppression, to a clear and firm assertion of your principles; I can understand your reasons and temptations. But having taken that ground, I ask you, not to hold to it—by no means—but to accept the consequences, and leave the office of spokesman to others with a more consistent record. Furthermore, if you summon to your defence the argument that you did only what countless others did, accepted only what countless others accepted, then I reply that I hold your responsibility higher than you hold it. You are not common men with ordinary responsibilities, ordinary opportunities; you cannot claim the exemption that a practical consideration readily accords to others. It was your business to see things in their right light; it

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was your responsibility as men of accredited learning, of authoritative station, to accept and assert your qualities of leadership in due season. A leader leads and does not echo. In this there is, I fear—and again, I say it with regret and, if need be, apology—a tendency to jump on the loaded band-wagon and by conspicuous fervor atone for a too retrospective insight. I repeat: I decline to judge you by ordinary standards. I insist upon greater insight, keener sensibilities, a wiser perspective, than one demands of worthy, desirable citizens of no marked distinction or peculiar responsibilities.

Do I condemn you to vows of perpetual silence because of a misguided or timid step, even though I see it as a crucial one? I impose no such presumptuous or cruel discipline. I ask only the accepted rite of confession. If all of you, or many of you, or any of you had stepped to the platform, prepared in a contrite and chastened spirit to acknowledge your error or unwisdom, and do your bit as an act of sincere atonement, I should have been neither restless nor resentful, but sympathetic and applauding; and so would the audience. I recommend to you that, as we are now wearing on our lapels, with a sorrow-tinged pride, the symbol of our allegiances, we add another to these allying buttons, bearing the simple legend: *Peccavi.* The Peccavi Club should likewise enroll its members by the hundreds of thousands. We all have been variously blind, responsibly stupid; and our insight has deplorably failed in timeliness. I am thinking not of military preparedness, which shifts from a police-measure to a threat or a suspicion, until the actuality reveals it in despair as the only way out of our failure, but of that longer-ranged preparedness which forewarns and forearms and foresees, and puts in operation the enlightened forces of principles and institutions and loyalties which are as real and could be as effective, and far more beneficent as ministrations of peace than of war. It would be chastening to us all to honor in far greater measure than has been done those prophets who warned in season and ahead of season, revealing the menace, doing their bit before it was imposed, arousing our sluggish understandings to the perils of militarism, to the urgency of check-mating its possible moves by international coalitions. Never again shall we be thus responsibly stupid, for our retrogressive insight has been terribly awakened. The international chain is as safe as its most uncertain link; no link is neutral to another. The cause of humanity is foreign to no nation worthy of the name.

But I have caught the germ from you and am orating, and had almost forgotten point three. I want to include it, because I doubt whether I shall ever again have an opportunity to present it to so worthy and appropriate an audience. (Most sermons are addressed to people who are not in the congregation.) Commencement addresses abound in generalities that glitter more commonly by reflected than by transmitted light; they are diaphonously insubstantial; and with as abrupt changes of figure as mine, set up inconsequential little statues of commonplaces on pompous pedestals. The air vibrates with advice, and the ground is strewn with morals and conclusions and other over-ripe fruits that have been shaken from the tree of wisdom from the days of original temptations and commencements. So I was rather surprised that none of you drew the moral, which is this: that principles count, that learning and efficiency are dangerous without them, that the worthy leaders of men are those who cling to them and by them despite unpopularity or neglect; and more practically, that you have fallen short of your responsibilities because you preferred to succeed, honestly it may be, but truculently, because you deferred to those in power, and feared to make the enemies for which we should have loved you. You played safety first and principles afterward. And that is why your utterances come with less grace than force, why they arouse in so unreasonable a critic as myself a resentment despite my approval of their sentiments.

I am prepared to find that some of you will refuse to concur in my view of the obligation of consistency as well as of insight on the part of leaders of men, and those who address academic audiences under that privilege. The phrase which I am tempted to use for those of you whose spokesmanship I most resent, is given me by Professor Shorey in his reply to over-confident educational reformers: that by so doing you show "the courage of your insensibilities." For when we touch the bottom of things—down in the well where truth lies—the great difference of men is in their sensibilities, moral, æsthetic, intellectual, political, commercial—up or down. We can't get higher standards by piling up lesser ones. It is far easier to reach the greatest number than the greatest good. Drop the statistical habit and look to quality; and last as first, remember that yours is an intelligent responsibility. The one cannot make up for the other, nor the other for the one; so at the least accept the responsibility, and not the least, the responsibility of your mistakes.

That is my peroration, without which flourish no commencement address is complete. And here I stop; for, having been the victim of long addresses, I shall retaliate by holding a short one. When next the commencement season comes round—and be the situation still sadly but not despairingly similar, or relievingly and triumphantly different—go out and select for your speakers some of the many leaders of men whose insight was less retrospective than yours, and who met their responsibilities more consistently, though with less conspicuous reward. In leaving you, I ask, as you go back to your honored and respected places in all parts of the land, that you think not harshly of me as one crabbed and captious—in fact, that you think not of me at all, but only of such truth in my words as may have found their way to your minds as to mine. For the spirit of my hardy venture lies in the sincerity with which I sign myself "PECCAVI."

Correspondence

PROHIBITION

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an interesting letter to the *Nation*, Judge Stein, of Chicago, characterizes as fanatics those Americans who are opposed to the use of alcoholic beverages. It is undoubtedly true that in the ranks of the professed Prohibitionists there are people of extreme and unreasonable views, but the movement is undoubtedly growing stronger and stronger every year, and it is a fair guess that within a few years we shall see prohibition enacted as a law in the United States. One cannot indict a whole nation as fanatics.

Might it not be that his Honor fails to understand the attitude of the average man—the man in the street—towards this question? Not the man who has been a drunkard, not the man of little understanding and less vision who

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embraces every passing fad that comes along, but the calm, reasonable, sane man who has a conscience.

Americans have known of the evils of the "Demon Rum" for generations and generations; it has been pointed out to them by John B. Gough and a line of successors whose lurid eloquence might be properly described as more or less fanatic. It is no new thing; it is old and familiar, and the tale has been told and retold. Why, then, this sudden interest in the problem on the part of the American people? To find the solution we must look deeper into the conscience of the people.

One of the striking phenomena of the age has been the growth of the feeling of human solidarity, the feeling that each man is, in a sense, his brother's keeper, that the well-to-do man owes a moral duty towards the poor devil who is down and out. This feeling is not confined to the professional high-brow, the long-haired men and short-haired women who are a calamity to any cause, however meritorious, but is shared by the average intelligent and conscientious American. The strength and dignity of the movement come not from the blear-eyed, whiskey-soaked drunkard posing as an awful example before a throng of gaping rustics; it is not the poor wife drawing her worn shawl over hair prematurely gray from poverty and hardship; nor yet the pathetic accents of the ragged child who stands at the bar crying, "Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes one," and all that sort of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" "bunk." The voice that speaks is the voice of the man who is pleasantly situated in this life—the man who is clean, healthy, and comfortable—the man who has a few hundred laid aside for a rainy day—the man who is not perhaps any too regular at church—who never reads Prohibition literature and would scorn to do so—the man who likes a good story and can tell one, because he is intensely human—the man who has no invincible repugnance to a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich on a hot summer's day, *sub tegmine fagi*—who likes a glass of wine at Thanksgiving and Christmas, or a noggin of gin and hot water (with sugar, a slice of lemon, and a speck of cinnamon) just before going to bed of a cold winter's night when you can hear the wheels of passing vehicles crunching in the dry snow, and an occasional crack from a frosted nail out in the barn.

The Prohibition "fanatic" of to-day is the comfortable man with a conscience—the "well-fixed" man who feels uneasy in all his health and prosperity about Tom, Dick, and Harry who are in misery.

The average American is both generous and practical. He will aid the unfortunate, often injudiciously, but he does not stop there. He turns the problem over and over in his mind, practical man that he is, and asks himself, Isn't there something wrong in a system that tolerates and produces such numbers of unfortunates? He does not simply shrug his shoulders and dismiss the question as insoluble, he ponders on it and discusses it informally with his friends. In his eminently calm, deliberate, and practical way he arrives at the conviction that for a large part of the race alcoholic beverages are a curse, bad for the health, bad for the morals, bad for the individual, and bad for the community. He doesn't get excited; he is slow at arriving at a conclusion. But he finally does arrive at the conclusion that the proper thing is to "cut the whole thing out."

And that is precisely what is going on in the minds of the American electorate to-day. Not but that every man has a right to take a drink or not to take a drink as he likes. But the question is, What is my duty towards the other fellow that can't or, at any rate, doesn't drink in reason and moderation?

Call it the old-fashioned New England conscience, call it what you like, the average American is to-day asking himself in regard to this drink question: Am I my brother's keeper? And the answer is, Yes. E. L. C. MORSE

Chicago, July 13

LATIN IN THE SCHOOLS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the recent Conference on Classical Studies in Liberal Education held at Princeton, an account of which was printed in the *Nation* of June 7, I wish to call attention to some apparent misconceptions.

In answer to the question, "Is Latin dying out in the schools?" the pamphlet published for the Conference contains on page 7 some data from the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1916. According to these figures, it seems that "Latin in the secondary schools of the country, far from diminishing, has been growing rapidly." But the statistics in that pamphlet, which show merely the number of students in various subjects, and upon which the above conclusion is based, tell only part of the truth. A consideration of the other data published in the same table from which the above statistics were taken (Commissioner of Education, Annual Report, 1916, Vol. II, p. 489) will serve to throw additional light upon the question. In this table, two sets of numbers for each subject listed are given: first, the whole number of students in the subject; secondly, the percentage which that whole number is of the total number of students in all the subjects. For example, the whole number of students in Latin in 1915 was 503,985 (for the schools that reported studies); whereas the percentage of students in Latin for the same year was 39.03.

From the first set of numbers, it appears that Latin is a more prominent study in secondary schools than it ever was. It made a gain of nearly 100,000 students in the five years, 1910-15. But the numbers showing the relative positions of subjects reveal the fact that Latin is losing ground. During the five-year period just mentioned, the proportion of students studying Latin decreased more than 10 per cent. The following table shows the gain or loss in percentages for a number of secondary school subjects during the five years from 1910 to 1915:

	P. C. of increase.	P. C. of decrease.
Latin	..	10.56
French	..	1.16
German	.59	..
Spanish	2.07	..
Algebra	..	7.66
Physics	..	.51
Chemistry	.50	..
Rhetoric	..	.98
English Literature	..	.58
History	..	4.21
Domestic Economy	8.55	..

The reports previous to 1910 show that Latin increased rapidly in popularity, or prominence, from 1890 to 1900, when it reached its maximum, and after 1905 it declined.

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There are only three subjects in the above list that show a decided falling off: Latin, algebra, and history. It is evident that no subject has been crowded out of the secondary schools so rapidly during the past few years as Latin. If it continues to lose ground as rapidly for the next twenty-five years, it will become one of the minor subjects. Whether this decline of Latin is unfortunate or the opposite is another question. Nothing is, however, to be gained by an attempt to evade the obvious facts.

When the classicists looked up the statistics, did they consider these percentages of no importance? Or did they innocently fail to see them in parallel columns on the same page from which they took their figures? Did they "take all the facts into account," or did they "make an improper selection" of such portions of the data as they thought most valuable in advancing their cause?

GEO. F. MILLER

Philadelphia, June 23

[The facts are as stated, and the percentages should have been included in the Princeton pamphlet. The rapid increase in the number of students studying Latin during the ten years referred to coincided with a great increase in the number of high schools—especially in our large cities. For example, the high-school system of Greater New York dates from the incorporation of the greater city. Practically the only type of high school during this period was the old-style cultural one; hence many children were forced to study Latin who on the score both of ability and of preference would naturally have gravitated to the vocational school. The rapid growth of the vocational high school since 1905 is responsible in large measure for the decline in the number of children studying Latin as well as algebra. This decline will naturally continue until the vocational system is completely organized, when the percentage may be expected to remain fairly stable at perhaps 35 per cent. if the experience of other lands is any criterion.—ED. THE NATION.]

The Lyre in Britain

Retrogression. By William Watson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Livelihood. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The Song of the Plow. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Verses. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

The Lamp of Poor Souls. By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

Responsibilities. By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON'S kingdom is the phrase, or the poem so succinct as to make the phrase its archetype. He can give to the line, the couplet, the quatrain, a completeness that is almost globular and to the exit of his period a finality little short of epochal. Of this adept workmanship, in which a cleanliness, at once brilliant and austere, might almost warrant the bold suggestion that the poem had been *scoured*, the "Shakespeare" may be cited as example:

O let me leave the plains behind,
And let me leave the vales below!
Into the highlands of the mind,
Into the mountains let me go.

My Keats, my Spenser, loved I well;
Gardens and statued lawns were these;
But not forever could I dwell
In arbours and in pleasances.

Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,
With Himalayan dews impearled;
And I will watch from Everest
The long heave of the surging world.

This is vestal writing, unspotted from the world, and not wholly uncomforted by the sense that its purity is irreproachable. Prudish or gingerly it cannot be called; the varying occasion is deftly served by its elastic and intrepid prosody.

The "Retrogression" mentioned in the title is literary, and two-thirds of the volume is a commentary on letters in which homage to the early gods is sometimes directly expressed, and is more often implicit in the vituperation of contemporaries. Sir William is incensed at the tawdriness, the obscurity, and the barbarism of the times in which his own verse is a path to knighthood, and now and then almost puts on the reviewer's cap and bells in the effort to demonstrate their unbecomingness to others. Reviewer as I am, I like clearness, elegance, and restraint; and I am not hostile even to good temper. I am tempted to remind Sir William of a passage in a writer whom the rampart of five centuries defends from that truculence which is permissible only in an apostle of moderation. Chaucer says of the lion:

For when a flye offendeth him or byteth,
He with his tayl awey the flye smyteth
Al esily; for, of his genterye,
Him deyneth nat to wreke him on a flye.

If our own poet's judgments are correct, surely he need not excite himself over the faults which give to his own virtues the helpful emphasis of contrast; there are worse fates than insulation—on a pinnacle.

The Muse of Mr. Gibson drowses in "Livelihood." The twenty poems of the book have much in common. They deal with bread-winners; they are, so to speak, monologues in the third person, poems in which the pronouns "he" and "she" borrow the properties of "I"; they adopt the allusive and the inconclusive technique, and their reliance on the efficiency of rows of dots is unshakable; they abound in that daze or stupor which sometimes haunts the outskirts of sensation and adventure; they use rude words, dull words, cheap words, with a resignation to the drawbacks of these instruments which is unworthy of the mettlesome and dauntless gift of Mr. Gibson. Rudeness *per se* is no more poetry than ornament; each is, at best, only the prelude, the occasion, the invitation, to poetry. Poetic diction, whether rich or plain, must be select; by the adoption of a humble speech, problems are not solved but only altered, and obligations are shifted, not revoked. Mr. Gibson's realization of this truth has sometimes been of an amplitude to content his most exigent admirers, but in this volume he has idled or dozed.

Equally unfortunate is the lapse of that faculty of enlargement which gave compass and vista to those low-life themes which cramp the unsympathetic or unimaginative mind. Comparatively speaking, the persons in "Livelihood" are passive, and their sorrows oppress rather than excite

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us. Exceptions occur, or the volume would hardly be Mr. Gibson's. "The News" is an affecting though dilated story, and the following from "The Old Nail Shop" illustrates the resurgence of vigor:

> The song each heart sang to the tune
> Of hammers, through a summer's noon,
> When they had wrought in that red glow,
> Alive, a hundred years ago—
> The song of girl and wife and crone,
> Sung in the heart of each alone. . . . .
>
> The dim-eyed crone with nodding head—
> "He's dead; and I'll, too, soon be dead!"
>
> The grave-eyed mother, gaunt with need—
> "Another little mouth to feed!"
>
> The black-eyed girl, with eyes alight—
> "I'll wear the yellow beads to-night."

Mr. Hewlett's "Song of the Plow" is an extraordinary production. I had associated his prose with the scarf and plume variety of literature, and find his poetry, to my amazement, trudging with Hodge behind a plough which turns up eight centuries in its progress. He once matched himself with Chaucer in "New Canterbury Tales," but the present volume asserts its brotherhood rather with Chaucer's coeval and compatriot, William Langland, who likewise made a ploughman the occasion for a stirring indictment of an unrighteous and forgetful people. To write in verse the history of the laboring class from 1066 to 1916, even where the succor of personification is invoked, is a crushing enterprise, and its difficulties wax when the main point is the total sequestration of that class from all those splendors and glamours which give to history a foothold on Parnassus. The poet's success is not absolute; something of repetition, something of vagueness, imparts a misgiving to the final retrospect; but the cause is high, the sympathy intense, and the book closes gallantly with the high-hearted plea that the English laborer has established in the trench his right to a freehold in the furrow.

The surprise of the poem is its energy. There are suspensions of beauty, there are incursions of doggerel, but it would be hard to find a flat or flaccid line, a lifeless or reluctant phrase, in the whole compass of the impetuous and incisive poem. Even the rigors and squalors of the distressing theme are allayed by that buoyancy which is inseparable from a plethora of life. I do not know what novel reservoirs Mr. Hewlett's rod has tapped, unless, in his return to the earth, he has verified the ancient myth which made the children of Gaea Titans. He owes much to the dynamic monosyllable, much to the pictorial touch which makes the text its own illustration, much also to the fortunate choice—perhaps the discovery—of a metre in which sextettes of iambic tetrameters with alternate rhymes are so cunningly interlocked as to unite the piquancy of recurrence with the elation of advance. Examples of such work are as indispensable as they are unavailing.

> You tell me Parliament is soft
> To property; but all I know
> Is this, I had land with my croft,
> And now have none. I had a cow,
> And she's been sold for want of keep—
> Your Parliament got her I allow.
> These thirty years I've kept your sheep;
> I've served you well for little gain;
> I had my bit of land to reap,
> I had my beast, or maybe twain.
> They kept me in milk or gave me meat;
> I stood foursquare to wind and rain,
> Free of my land, on my two feet—
> And who should know as well as you
> That a man's own bread is most sweet?

On the data now before me, Mr. Hilaire Belloc is not a poet. Ingenious lines, picturesque lines, inspiriting lines, might seduce the reader into brief forgetfulness of the unhappy fact, if Mr. Belloc were not so inexorable in the punctuality of his reminders. He makes a rendezvous with success, and from sheer inability to find the road or keep the pace, breaks the appointment. The reader comes at last to wait with resigned serenity for the advent of the inevitable dissonance or prosaicism or absurdity that wrecks a lyric which another moment of forbearance might have guided successfully into port. His equal aptness for the right and for the wrong thing may be illustrated by the following:

> I hunger and I have no bread.
> My gourd is empty of the wine.
> Surely the footsteps of the dead
> Are shuffling softly close to mine!
>
> It darkens. I have lost the ford.
> There is a change on all things made.
> The rocks have evil faces, Lord,
> And I am awfully afraid.

I am sorry to have left myself no room to quote from the beautiful poem of "Dawn" in which Marjorie Pickthall's delicacy of conception and artistic finish are shown at their infrequent best. Elsewhere the verbal accomplishment is unremitting and the flattery of the ear is exquisite, but lines occur whose essence is puerile and wake in us the fear that what we took for persuasion was only cajolery. That this levity does not know itself from gravity hardly mends the situation. Strong themes are undertaken here and there, but the usual impression is that of lions in pastry or fortresses in sugar. For solace one recurs to "Dawn."

Mr. Yeats's "Responsibilities" (the title like Sir William Watson's "Retrogression" is fairly superincumbent) revives an old question in my mind. His verse is spray, but it is salt spray; it has, after a sort, vigor, precision, significance; often as in "the gray rock and the windy light," the uncanny is blent with the dainty in a combination which gives out the fragrance of originality. For all that I read most of his verse with uneasiness; I have a sense of a high wind blowing between me and Mr. Yeats which breaks up and bears away the substance of his speech, and brings to the baffled ear an airy drift of syllables and intonations. One might surmise in Mr. Yeats two faculties—a higher gift, manifest in "Cathleen ni Houlihan" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," whose speech is high and scant, and a lower faculty whose utterance is prodigal. The lyrics in "Responsibilities" belong mainly to the secondary mood.

I wonder sometimes if Mr. Yeats's mistake does not consist in writing what he thinks ought to be written rather than what he feels he ought to write. He "meets a want"; the pressure is *towards* the imagination, not *from* it. If the temple of the Celtic Renascence is short of a statue on the eastern angle of the north pediment, Mr. Yeats's alacrity is never-failing.

From the second and, in my judgment, the richer group of lyrics, I extract the lines headed "No Second Troy":

> Why should I blame her that she filled my days
> With misery, or that she would of late

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Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire?
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

"The Hour Glass" appears in a revision in which prose, blank verse, and rhymed verse relieve one another. The older version brought pleasure and comfort to devout people, and Mr. Yeats has rewritten the playlet to purify his conscience from complicity with pietism. The recast of literature for an ethical end has produced a result for which ethics, not literature, has occasion to be grateful. The earlier version sent a music-hall singer to mass for six weeks; the later, in which the schoolmaster is not saved, but courageously faces the possibility of damnation, will hardly send priests to the Empire of the Casino. An hour-glass, I may remark in closing, is an object which its owner turns upside down at judicious intervals.

O. W. FIRKINS

BOOKS

A New England Educational Ideal

An Old New England School. A History of Phillips Academy, Andover. By Claude M. Fuess. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

PURITANISM, according to Professor Channing, was not a system of theology so much as an attitude of mind, "idealism applied to the solution of contemporary problems." In the mind of Samuel Phillips, jr., as indicated by a memorandum composed probably in 1776, but dated merely "Monday morning at five o'clock," one of the most serious of contemporary problems was the progressive decay of public and private morals, and his ideal remedy lay in "the sound education of children." Out of the ideal thus stirring, fertilized by the ampler wealth of a father and uncle, was born the institution which stands to-day as about the best known and perhaps without exception the most effectively equipped secondary school of America. Be it said at the start, however, that its enviable educational standing was acquired long before its era of material prosperity had dawned. Within the last ten years, we are told, its physical resources have increased more than in the previous hundred and twenty-nine years of its existence. And since those words were written the will of a grateful alumnus, the late Oliver H. Payne, has added a round half million to its endowment. It remains for Phillips Academy, as for countless other American schools, colleges, and universities, to prove by results that the faithfulness and success with which they administered the little at their earlier command can be proportionately maintained with the unstinted wealth now lavished upon them.

Phillips Academy is associated in the public consciousness with a steady adherence to the cultural ideal of education, and the present Principal, Dr. Stearns, has made no sacrifice of this ideal at the now popular shrine of "vocational" training. It is interesting to learn that Samuel Phillips, jr., the real founder, though his father and uncle paid the bills, was originally antagonistic to classical studies. In a letter written while the project of the Academy was still in embryo he attacks the study of Latin with a vigor, rancor, and unqualified cock-sureness which leave the Flexners of to-day no claim whatever to even the slight merit of originality. Latin has long been dead and is beyond resurrection. Months of study in it only make the student a pedant and bring him not one new idea. Still further, the Latin authors were pagans and their works are all tainted with the folly and stupidity of their religion. If the last scrap of Latin were taken out of the world, the way to heaven would still be open. But fortunately for Latin, and the whole theory of cultural education, these sentiments were written to Eliphalet Pearson, already destined to be head of the new school when it should open, and an ardent devotee of the classics. The objections of Mr. Phillips went down before the assaults of a keener intellect and stronger personality, and when the Academy opened Greek and Latin held the place of undisputed predominance in its course of study.

And, through another strong personality, that of Dr. Samuel H. Taylor, Principal of the Academy from 1837 to his death in 1871, the introduction of the wider range of studies to which many other preparatory schools had already opened their doors was considerably delayed. Of course, this should have rendered education at Phillips Academy very flat, stale, and unprofitable; but the surprisingly large proportion of its graduates during this pitiable period of stagnation who rose to eminence in extremely varied walks of life shows conclusively that it did nothing of the kind, and should have led the historian of the Academy himself into a more careful consideration of the elements which really make for breadth or narrowness in education. Phillips Academy, with but the most meagre financial resources, made a tremendously deep impression upon generation after generation of students, an unusually large proportion of whom became eminent leaders of men, even in walks of life as remote as possible from the branches of study which they there pursued. Such a result has only one adequate explanation, and that is the stimulating power of great teachers, handling subjects of inherent dignity and importance. Teachers of the right stamp may give to a duly receptive mind a very broad, deep, and effective introduction to life on the basis of a course of study composed chiefly, as at Andover, of the Greek and Latin authors and the elements of mathematics, while others may spend the same length of time in little incursions into a score of the many fields of knowledge and find their "education" narrow, shallow, and futile in the end.

Unfortunately, men in after life are not always quick to recognize the teachers and subjects that put them originally on the pathway to success. It is altogether probable that his years in Phillips Academy were an essentially helpful element in building the character of Oliver Wendell Holmes. And yet Holmes could write to Phineas Barnes, three years after leaving the Academy, "In my own opinion ——— is one of the most bigoted, narrow-minded, uncivilized old brutes that ever had the honor of licking into shape the minds of two such promising youths as P. B. and O. W. H." The biographer of Dr. Holmes had the kindness to omit the name of this "brute," but it must have been either Principal John Adams or his assistant, Jonathan Clement, of either one of whom the language of Holmes, only

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nineteen years old when he wrote it, is of course absurd. Mr. Fuess does not quote this youthful ebullition of Holmes, but we cannot avoid the feeling that he falls somewhat short of the proper degree of sympathy and understanding in dealing with the earlier history of the school, and especially with such a character as that of Principal Samuel H. Taylor, whose vigorous personality dominated the whole life of the Academy for a third of a century prior to his death in 1871. Present conditions in the educational world are not likely to bring another Samuel H. Taylor to the headship of a great preparatory school, but if such an anachronism should happen, we need not fear that boys educated under him would fail to give a good account of themselves in the present-day college. When one reads the names of the many eminent men who made their start in Phillips Academy during the years in question, one can hardly feel that Mr. Fuess had any need of even the slightest tone of apology in penning the history of those years.

Aside from reservations which some may feel inclined to make on the point just mentioned, the author has done his work well and has written a chapter in the history of American education which should have a wide reading. There are those who tell us that the day of the great academy has gone by, that the more democratic public high school has left it no real reason for existence. But the public high school is subject to continually changing management and ideals, and itself needs the steadying influence and inspiration of just such institutions as Phillips Academy. A score or more of such schools, well distributed throughout the country, with the same resolute renunciation of mere vocationalism and the same intelligent adherence to cultural ideals, would constitute an immeasurably elevating force in American education, even in quarters where it is still held, in harmony with the opinion of Samuel Phillips, jr., that the roads to heaven would still be open if every scrap of the Latin language were blotted out of existence.

Things That Are

Enchantment. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The Banks of Colne. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Tales of Chekhov. Vol. III. The Lady with the Dog, and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

WITH equal zest and good humor, Mr. Thurston's "Enchantment" challenges those serious-minded writers and readers who value themselves for sticking to the trail of "reality." Reality is merely a new and dull plaything, a stuffed doll with which we amuse ourselves for the moment. Every story that is worth anything is a fairy tale, however disguised. Moreover, "a fairy tale, first and foremost, is a true story. Would a child ever believe it if it were not? For that which takes place in a fairy story, the slaughter of the giant and the killing of the dragon, the triumph of the prince and the ever-aftering happiness of the princess—these are not the things that happen, but the things that are. . . . The whole matter is, we have left our childhood behind us, and now the things that happen seem to us more real than the things that are. For the fairy tale with its true story, we have substituted the modern novel with its false. Princes and princesses are out of fashion. In this latter-day narrative kings and queens are dead. Art has grown scornful of a happy ending. Our stories can be told no longer by the light of the fire, for the searching days of that false light of criticism are full upon them." And yet, if we look about us, we shall often see this older truth embodied in our boasted fact. Here is our story, for example. It opens with a scene of sufficiently drab "realism," a middle-aged Irishman deliberately getting himself drunk in his dilapidated dining-room at the moment when his wife is dying upstairs of her tenth labor. Yet the Irishman is the "king" of the fairy tale, and the child then to be born is the princess about whom a spell has already been woven. The situation, the events that follow, might have been set forth with all the dry and bitter negativism of a "House with the Green Shutters." The princess's rescue by the prince, on her way to take the veil, might have been interpreted as a brutal act of sex, as John Desmond's death in his cups might have received the color of a squalid defeat. Mr. Thurston succeeds in investing it all with the glamour of romantic feeling, that is, with that mood of faith and delight in human nature which may so readily, and so indeterminately, be dismissed as sentimentalism.

That this is his habitual mood largely determines Mr. Phillpotts's status as a story-teller. Some of his materials are grim enough, and he has his own notion of the happy ending—as a best way out of intolerable situations. These situations, moreover, are much in his line. But he never holds men and women responsible for them: they are webs spun for humanity by fate, by circumstance, by duty and honor themselves. His persons are all thinking beings: each of them has his theory of life, and lives up to its logic at all costs: a Phillpottsian race, that has grown clear enough. We used to accept him, perhaps, as a chronicler of "real life," an interpreter of character in the concrete. He is, rather, a teller of tales and a commentator upon human nature. We may have fancied that he had found in his people of Dartmoor a race singularly endowed for the purposes of realistic interpretation—a race extraordinary for its elemental play of feeling, its subtlety of mind, its frankness of tongue. But now that he has written so many novels that have nothing to do with Dartmoor and its peculiar people, we cannot help seeing that *his* peculiar people remain the same. Whatever their social plane, their turn of dialect, or trick of accent, they are children of the house of Phillpotts, with the family voice, the family blend of clever and blunt speech, the family directness of action. They all know what they are out for, and love to declare it; and for touchstone of their diverse theories, we are invariably given a human action which turns upon a pivot of primitive impulse or passion. Mr. Phillpotts seems to feel as keenly as any of his contemporaries the clash between convention and the human heart; but he does not throw the blame on "Victorianism," or find the remedy in "modern" theories and usages. Rather he sees a conflict universal and eternal, the inevitable conflict of the individual with any sort of society, however primitive. The Aveline of this story has nothing in common with the modern female of revolt; she is the primitive woman, following her own path. "Aveline had never been in the least attracted by women's movements or women's politics; abstract justice she never craved, and no ambition to be insurgent or asser-

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tive had tempted her. . . . She wanted to be nothing but herself. . . . Therefore, with that resolution and courage most marked in those held back by no inherited caution or instructed conscience, Aveline had thrown over home and husband and struck out, full of curiosity and interest and without fear." Even when she has paid her penalty in losing her stolen happiness, we cannot doubt that life will again arouse her curiosity and interest. So with the disreputable pair of vagabonds, William and his unmarried but wedded Emma; it is they who triumph, and not the wooden and virtuous or sly and corrupt persons who are supposed to be their "betters."

Mr. Edward Garnett has said that Chekhov is "an unflinching realist, with a poet's sensitiveness to beauty." "A true realist" might better express it all, if we were to permit the phrase its higher meaning. Several of the shorter sketches in the present volume approach the naturalistic manner, notably the piteous "Volodya." But Volodya dies precisely because he is *not* the wretched little beast he feels; always there is the relieving touch of humor or (perhaps they are the same thing) of faith in human nature, to pull us out of the slough. Of these nine tales the longest, "An Anonymous Story," takes up a third of the book, and has all the qualities of a novel in little. The young revolutionist who tells the story, a man of good birth and breeding, has chosen, for political reasons, to become footman to an official of St. Petersburg named Orlov. Orlov is a bachelor approaching middle age, a cynic and egotist, moderately efficient at his post, and for the rest, as he admits, "abnormal, corrupted, of no use to any one." A married woman with whom he has had an intrigue suddenly leaves her husband and comes to live with him. He has his code of breeding, does not turn her away or misuse her, but she bores him, and he takes less and less pains to conceal his boredom. The lackey, who has to watch all this, is moved to pity and then to love. Presently he tells her who he is, and offers to take her away from the man who despises her. They go together, and for a time she has a dream of sharing his labors for humanity, of finding a new object in life. But she presently perceives the truth, that he himself has lost interest in his mission, is interested only in her. She cannot love again, she has given her heart; and so takes the only means of escape from a world that revolts her because it has no worthy use for her. "You had only ideas and love," she cries despairingly. "For the present—ideas and love, and in prospect—me as your mistress. That's the order of things both in life and in novels." Hapless mortals, striving vainly for self-fufilment, for happiness; frustrate in the end, but not ignoble: such are the figures with which this little world of Chekhov's is mainly peopled.

Spanish Architecture

Spanish Architecture of the Sixteenth Century. General View of the Plateresque and Herrera Styles. By Arthur Byne and Mildred Stapley. With eighty plates and one hundred and forty illustrations in the text from drawings and photographs by Arthur Byne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

THE literature of Spanish architecture requires but little shelf-space in any architectural library. The histories of that architecture would hardly occupy more than twelve or eighteen inches at most, and among these the section devoted to the Renaissance would have required, previous to 1917, but three or four inches of the shelf! This does not, of course, include mere chapters in general histories of architecture, of which the best hitherto available in English has been that in Fergusson's "History of Modern Architecture," covering but thirty pages and published forty-four years ago. Simpson's "History of Architectural Development," and Moore's "Character of Renaissance Architecture" ignore the subject entirely. There is in German an excellent account, by Otto Schubert, of the Classic and Baroque phases of Spanish Renaissance architecture, but none whatever of the Plateresque, though that is by far the most interesting style-period of all. The French neighbors of Spain seem to have taken no interest in the subject, though the Spanish Plateresque is so closely allied to their own François-Premier style.

This singular neglect of what is in some respects the most independent and strongly characterized of all the offshoots of the Italian Renaissance gives added interest and importance to the handsome volume on Spanish architecture of the sixteenth century by Arthur Byne and Mildred Stapley, printed by the Putnams under the copyright of the Hispanic Society. It covers the Plateresco and Griego-romano periods in a manner to give general satisfaction to architects and students of Iberian art and culture. It has the merit of being the fruit of personal study of the monuments by sympathetic and intelligent observers, and its 140 illustrations are all from photographs and drawings by Mr. Byne. These in many cases leave something to be desired in sharpness of detail, and the line drawings are muddily reproduced, as if over-inked in the printing; but all the illustrations are well chosen and truly illustrative. There are only fifteen plans of buildings, but these are perhaps as many as any reader not an exacting architect would ask for.

The authors have followed the plan of tracing the work of individual architects rather than the broader method of analytic survey of the whole movement, but their choice was a wise one, given the conditions of the Renaissance in Spain, and the broader view is not ignored. They make clear the multiple influences at work in the early development of the style: the Italian, French, German, and Flemish elements are distinguished and duly weighed, and the Moorish contribution recognized, particularly in the *artesonado* wooden ceilings. A broad distinction is drawn between the stone architecture of the North and the plaster decoration of the Andalusian cities of the South. The superb patios, the very characteristic portals, stairways, arcades, bracket-capitals, and carved rustications, the roof-arcades of the great palaces, the splendid metal screens or *rejas* in the churches, the impressive floor-tombs—all of these being exclusively Spanish features, owing little or nothing to Italian or French prototypes—are adequately treated and abundantly illustrated. The nearly simultaneous appearance in Spain and France of the candelabrum-shaft as an architectural member, derived from Milan and Pavia after the battle of Pavia in 1525, might perhaps have been discussed in greater detail, as one of the most interesting episodes of the Renaissance. The Spanish deficiencies in the planning of domestic architecture are duly set forth and explained. The more important monuments are described and criticised with intelligent discrimination. One may question here and there particular statements, such as the declaration that the dome of the Escorial chapel

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"in its structural perfection far surpasses that of Michelangelo"—a contention that at least calls for explanation and specification; but in general the critical observations are sane and well founded. The account of the Escorial is excellent, though it omits mention of the historic circumstances that gave birth to that most gigantic of votive monuments. The discussion of the classic or Griego-romano movement is otherwise rather scanty; Schubert's book does it more justice. A few errors have been noted in the Index: incorrect page-references, and the entire omission under the title "Zaragoza" of the famous Lonja, to which three pages and four illustrations are devoted in the text, are among them. In general, however, in their proof-reading as in their statements, the authors have shown painstaking care. Their work is a welcome addition to the literature of architecture in a sadly neglected field. The architect who has Prentice's invaluable folio volume of plates and this excellent history to go with it, possesses the material for acquiring an intelligent appreciation of a most interesting phase of the history of the Renaissance in Western Europe.

The Best English of Britain

An English Pronouncing Dictionary. On Strictly Phonetic Principles. By Daniel Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

THIS is a scientific record of English as she is spoke in the homes where the influence of the great public schools and the universities has developed a well-recognized dialect, extending far beyond the geographical limitations of educated London, on whose speech it is primarily based. It is what some would call, especially those who use it, the best English of Britain. But the author, a phonetician of repute, makes no such claim for it; he is recording facts. And a most interesting record of facts it is. It is set forth in the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association in its "broad" form. Some, no doubt, will object to this as an instrument not sufficiently refined, making, for example, no distinction between the various sounds of "short *i*," but phonetic perfection is after all a constantly receding ideal, and to have got as much as Mr. Jones gives us is to have got a great deal.

The American reader will hunt out first among the many thousand entries the proper names; here at last is a chance to get at the facts about "Cholmondeley" and its ilk. But the sad truth appears that the degenerate English of to-day pronounce "Cirencester," "Auchinleck," "Malvern," and "Olney" exactly as they are spelled and only rarely *sisiter* and not at all *afléck* or *mawven* or *oney*, as the tradition has it. But there are still some gems to be found: "Churchtown" is pronounced *chosen*, "Wauchop," *walk up*, not merely locally, but apparently always. The awful truth about "St. Leger," "St. Claire," and "St. John" is of course well known on this side of the Atlantic, but who can face "Rievaulx" without a shudder, encounter "Sotheby" without a false sense of security, or murmur "Leveson-Gower" as to the manner born? The volume under review shows how it can be done.

In the matter of American names, Mr. Jones makes many good distinctions between native and British usage. But it is hard for us to believe that any large number of Englishmen really pronounce "Arkansas" and "Sioux" as they are pronounced here. Again, Connecticut's "Thames" as often has the pronunciation of its English namesake as the spelling-pronunciation *thames*. Do Americans ever pronounce "Oswego" as *ozwégo?* Mr. Jones implies that there is no other way. Mr. Roosevelt does not pronounce his name in the way indicated nor do most of his countrymen; the British pronunciation rhymes, in a way, with *moose-pelt*. "Lávengro" surprises us, but this is probably our peculiar ignorance. The pronunciation of "Seoul" as *see-ool'* (these, of course, are not Mr. Jones's symbols) is probably mythical; the native pronunciation is not far from the French *seul*, and Europeans who know the place generally call it *sow-l*. Londoners may call the mountain *Skiddaw'*, the only pronunciation Mr. Jones records, but those who, as natives or pilgrims, behold

> Mount Skiddaw in his natural sovereignty

call him *skidder*. If the English say *Modéna* instead of *Módena*, as Mr. Jones reports, they can invoke a tradition reaching back to Shakespeare's

> When thou once
> Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew'st
> Hirtius and Pansa.

Clearly here is material for much warm-weather discussion, and to such disputants, of whom this topic counts its millions, there could be recommended no better guide than Mr. Jones both for industry and accuracy in collecting his facts and for open-mindedness in the presentation of them. For, apart from a few striking dialectical peculiarities, such as the glide before *r* in *hero* and the like, the language which Mr. Jones describes would pass as good and by no means peculiar English wherever educated people meet together.

Notes

THE following volumes are among the July announcements of the Macmillan Company: "The Fables of Æsop, Selected, Told Anew, and Their History Traced," by Joseph Jacobs; "Machine Tactics and Practice for Officers, N. C. O.'s and Men," by K. B. McKellar; "The Youth and the Nation: A Guide to Service," by Harry H. Moore; "Plain Song," by Eden Phillpotts; "Christine," by Alice Cholmondeley; "Bromley Neighborhood," by Alice Brown.

MISS EDITH WYATT'S "Great Companions" (Appleton; $1.50 net) is an agreeably chatty little volume. In twenty-four brief discourses it flits lightly from De Foe to Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, the imitativeness of our novelists, the herd instincts of our publishers, some unpopular parodies, Walt Whitman in Camden, poetry and criticism, Riley, Shelley, nonsense about women, the training of a forester, Henri Fabre, Thoreau and John Muir. To make a *book* of such a miscellany of topics requires the sustained application of general ideas or the pervasive cement of personality. In this case there is not enough of either element to produce much impression of coherence. Where temperament appears, however, it is bright, cheery, and gently adventurous. And here and there Miss Wyatt turns up an idea fit for the central thesis of a book. Here is one which her own volume rather presents than enforces: "Especially we [Americans] think it an unworthiness in an author that he should, as the phrase is, 'take himself seriously.' We consider the attitude we have described as char-

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acterizing hotel clerks as the only correct one for writers—the attitude of a person doing something as it were unconsciously, a matter he pooh-poohs and scarcely cares to spend his energy and time upon in the grand course of his personal existence. You may hear plenty of American authors talk of 'not taking themselves seriously,' who, if they spoke with accuracy, should say that they regarded themselves as too important and precious to be exhausted by doing their work with conscience."

THE multitude of competitors makes it hard to achieve distinction in moralizing on present-world conditions, but there is something a little out of the ordinary in the quiet sanity of Paul Revere Frothingham's volume of essay-sermons (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net) entitled "A Confusion of Tongues." The world is not entirely upside down. Human duties and desires are eternal, and through losses, convulsions, and catastrophes unprecedented the deep things of the soul remain unchanged. Germany, shutting herself up within a wall of the mind, repeating "Prussian incantations" for forty years and thinking only of her own desires and ambitions, distorted her vision and lost her sense of proportion. What the world needs is the broad view and the unselfish spirit which permit of sane judgment. None of Dr. Frothingham's chapters deals directly with the war and its immediate problems, and the application of his moralizing is left in almost every case to the reader, by which the volume is made somewhat more restful than most of the literature to which the war gives rise. The author has a calm and strong faith that in the course of human progress we shall finally grow ashamed of war and cast it aside, as we have thrown off cannibalism and duelling and polygamy. On the seething battlefields of Europe to-day, the things that unite the warring peoples are more and deeper than those which divide, and we shall some day learn to regulate our international relations in accordance with the more important interests, not the less.

THE most noticeable feature of Sir Rabindranath Tagore's latest volume, "Personality" (Macmillan; $1.35 net), is the series of photographs of the author in solemn poses scattered through the pages with no relation to the text. Possibly the author is not responsible for this exhibition of naïve vanity. The text is composed of half-a-dozen lectures in which is developed the idea of art as a spontaneous expression of personality, and of meditation as a passive surrender of the soul to the influx of the world. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of the modern Hindu spirit as distinguished from the ancient than this notion of meditation as an inert state of revery in which, after the manner of Walt Whitman (who is quoted with approval), all sense of distinctions is lost. To the ancient Hindu, as to the genuine mystic everywhere, the path of ecstasy is through a strenuous consideration of distinctions. Sir Rabindranath gives also an account of his school, his theory of education being that "men should have some limited period of their life specially reserved for the life of primitive man." As is to be expected from a philosopher whose view of life is thoroughly feminine, Sir Rabindranath looks to women for the salvation of the world. "At the present stage of history civilization is almost exclusively masculine, a civilization of power, in which woman has been thrust aside in the shade." Hence the horrors of the present war. "Woman is endowed with the passive qualities of chastity, modesty, devotion, and power of self-sacrifice in a greater measure than man is." By the predominance of these qualities, rather than by the right direction of the masculine virtues, we are to be saved. But it is not likely that our feminists will take much comfort from our author's philosophy. He is still Hindu enough to scold our women for their restlessness, and to exhort them to look upon themselves as "the mothers of the race."

IN 1911 Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell published in the *Century* the story of two lovers, "Les Amoureux," a young illustrator and his bride, whose simple ménage in a garret near the Thames she observed from her window through theirs. It had the quiet charm of a bit of romance of the Quartier Latin. But it was not fiction. Later, when the printed story came to his attention, the young artist, now a publisher's assistant, called on her and gave her the details of his life. Then fell the war. He was drafted into a regiment and went to serve in the trenches, and there, at Loos, he was wounded and died. His wife brought his letters to Mrs. Pennell, and from the original story and these letters she has made a little book, called appropriately "The Lovers" (Lippincott; $1 net). There is a strange and almost discordant tone in the composition, owing to the juxtaposition of what has the flavor of romantic fiction (though true in fact) with the realism of the letters from training camp and trench; but the interest is keen and sustained. And from the record one gets an excellent notion of the life and feelings of a young man who had no natural propensity for war and made no pretence to heroics, but was simply giving up his career at the call of duty. Mrs. Pennell's comments are in good taste and add to the value of the correspondence.

MR. THOMPSON SETON loses his distinction when he begins to write about human beings. His books about animals opened a comparatively new trail; there were no conventions to follow, and Mr. Seton established conventions for other people. But in his first novel, "The Preacher of Cedar Mountain" (Doubleday, Page), he follows pretty closely the conventions of what may be called the Y. M. C. A. type of Western story. The hero is a big, athletic, half-educated young preacher, with a weakness for whiskey and a grand passion for horses and horse-racing; he has a strong "haroldbellrighteous" flavor. In the new Dakota town to which he is sent, he makes a great success, but his weakness for whiskey gets him into serious trouble, and his love of horse-racing threatens to prove his ruin. He is saved, of course, by a girl of the wise, strong, and serene type, who, however, has to marry him rather hastily to prevent his becoming entangled with another girl of very different character. Almost anybody might have written such a yarn; and it is perhaps to Mr. Seton's credit that he seems more interested in the horses than in the men and women of the story. The best parts of the book are the spirited descriptions of the historic races at Fort Ryan, in which soldiers and Indians wagered all their possessions on their respective favorites. The trick by which the Indians won the great race is worthy of the best traditions of Indian subtlety. But the author's friends must hope that he will go back to his wolves and grizzlies.

THE kernel of Mr. Macdonald Clark's "Maurice Maeterlinck: Poet and Philosopher" (Stokes; $2.50 net) is the

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critical restatement of Maeterlinck's opinions, and one feels that volume rather than value would have been lost by the omission of the literary criticism. The amateurishness of that criticism is relieved but not overcome by the amateur's possession of a good fund of native sanity. The separation of Maeterlinck's literature from his dogma was inevitable in the course of time, and if the process is an ordeal for his dogma, it is no less strikingly a vindication for his literature. Mr. Clark's exegesis is that of a just, sane, prosaic, and restricted mind in which clarities and opacities are intermingled. The critic's objections and reservations are the best element of his work, though the image now and then suggests itself of a poet taken up for trespass and constrained by some polite, impartial, and on his own ground thoroughly sensible magistrate to give an account of every turning and doubling he chanced to make in his devious converse with the stars. After all, in a sense, Mr. Clark is right. If Maeterlinck's philosophy is to be separately tested, the tests must be identical with those which we apply to Locke or Kant or Mill or James. If you can make flour out of lilies, the bread must be weighed in the same scales which measure the extract of wheat or rye. Maeterlinck's philosophy as expressed in his own words is evasive and diffusive, and its concentration and elucidation in a sensible if quite uninspired monograph is a service for which Mr. Clark may claim a modest gratitude.

TOWARDS the close of 1788, a flatboat with a little party of pioneers under the leadership of Major Benjamin Stites came to shore about a mile below the mouth of the Little Miami River. The settlement of Columbia, O., had begun. But the dreams of the leader, more ambitious than those of most pioneers, were not destined to fulfilment. The streets and squares of his proposed city, laid out for more than a mile along the Ohio and stretching back for almost that distance from the river, remain in large measure cornfields and garden patches, although within the corporate limits of Cincinnati, which insisted upon being founded where it would. The story is told briefly in "The Citizens Book," edited by Charles R. Hebble and Frank P. Goodwin and published under the auspices of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce by Stewart & Kidd ($1.25). The volume pictures the beginning not only of the city, but also of its important activities, as police, public health, fire prevention, education, art, and business, but its main purpose is to inform the resident of the important facts regarding these departments of civic administration as they exist to-day. If it is thus valuable especially for the citizen of Cincinnati, it is not without interest to others, who may wish for so convenient a manual of their own city. Equally local but equally interesting as a record of civic awakening is "City Residential Land Development," which contains the plans for subdividing a typical quarter-section of land in the outskirts of Chicago submitted in a contest held by the City Club. The volume is edited by Alfred B. Yeomans (University of Chicago Press; $3 net). Other cities should find these plans, bird's-eye views, and criticism of value.

IN a brilliant and witty volume, "The Celt and the World" (Scribner; $1.25), Mr. Shane Leslie presents us with a study of the relations of the Celt and Teuton in history. After an introductory chapter in which he states some plain truths which urgently needed emphasis in Ireland a year or so ago, Mr. Leslie, going back into remote history, discusses the Aryans and their religion, and concludes decisively that "if the Aryans have left descendants, the Irish are among them"! With Houston Stewart Chamberlain he is in complete disagreement as to the closeness of relationship between Celt and Teuton which that writer enforces. Admitting the difficulty of distinguishing Celt and Teuton under primitive conditions, he contends nevertheless that "civilized development has revealed a gulf, moral and intellectual"; that the modern Irish and German are "prehistoric cousins" merely; and that "whatever the pressure of ephemeral politics, the Irish have no racial or historical right to be pro-Germans." Ireland, in Mr. Leslie's vision of her, has never ceased to be a pawn in the game of England's enemies. The Spaniards in the sixteenth, the Frenchmen in the seventeenth and eighteenth, the Hun in the twentieth century, have each in their crafty turn played upon the Celt, always gullible where his enmities were concerned. The Stuarts sowed the seed of much of Ireland's present misery, for James II created the Ulster problem. In his Irish campaign William was simply playing an astute hand in the dark game of continental politics. Always the Irish were the scapegoats. "Because Protestants could not live in France, the life of Irish Catholics became a martyrdom. Because there was an Inquisition in Spain, there were penal laws in Ireland." From the time of Napoleon the Irish began to enter, and to distinguish themselves in, the English army. Napoleon, we are informed, resembled the present Kaiser in his willingness to use Ireland as a tool provided the Irish paid the dreadful price. But the Celt will not be mocked, and in

THE NATION

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published and owned by the
NEW YORK EVENING POST COMPANY

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President — ALEXANDER DANA NOYES, Vice-President
JOHN PALMER GAVIT, Sec. — WILLIAM HAZEN, Treas.
EMIL M. SCHOLZ, Publisher.

Entered at the New York City Post Office as second class mail matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Four dollars per annum, postpaid, in United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.

Address, THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, Box 794, New York, Publication Office.

LONDON OFFICE: 16 Regent Street, S. W.
WASHINGTON OFFICE: Home Life Building
CHICAGO OFFICE: 332 South Michigan Avenue
BUENOS AIRES OFFICE: Lavalle 341

HAROLD DE WOLF FULLER, Editor
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the tragedy of Easter, 1916, the author perceives "the suicidal outburst of a noble idealism that believed it had been deceived." While there is little that is original in this book, the garb in which the familiar is clothed is vivid and attractive, but Mr. Leslie should really rid his diction of such vicious tendencies as are illustrated in the following quotations: "The attitude of God . . . is unaffected by lyddite or litany" (p. 2). "The cause of Tara became inseparable from that of Tiara" (p. 177). "He had helped to patrol the Dublin streets during the Emmet émeute" (p. 180).

IN the foreward to "The Celtic Dawn" (Macmillan; $1.50) Mr. Lloyd Morris states that his endeavor has been to write "a study of the several movements which, although having their foundation in a single consciously expressed philosophy, have labored in widely varied fields to produce a new social synthesis in contemporary Ireland." The movements selected for special consideration are "those which have been concerned with literature, the drama, with the revival of Gaelic as the language of daily speech, with economic and social reform, and with political thought." Mr. Morris, nevertheless, devotes by far the greater portion of his space to a study of the literary and dramatic movement. While his judgments are for the most part sound and clearly expressed, he has little to add to what has already been so eloquently said by Mr. E. A. Boyd in his critical work of a year ago on "Ireland's Literary Renaissance." One is glad to see that Mr. Morris mentions Canon P. A. Sheehan among the novelists of merit. Sheehan's ignorance of the technique of the novel must be admitted; but one looks vainly in fiction for an Irish priest who can hold a candle to Daddy Dan in "My New Curate" or to Father Pat in "Luke Delmege." Of the poets, Francis Ledwidge does not deserve the praise so lavishly bestowed upon him by Mr. Morris. His verse is interesting and has undoubted promise, but the imagery is too often strained and fantastic, and the mannerisms are annoying. St. John Ervine, the dramatist and novelist, also receives from the author more space and praise than he deserves. In dealing with the work of these two writers, Mr. Morris might well have imitated the wise reticence of Mr. Boyd. To most readers of this book the subject-matter of the last chapter will not be so familiar. This chapter is a sound and valuable piece of work and a most serviceable outline of the various movements in the social and political life of the last generation in Ireland. The beginnings of the Irish language movement, of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society (the coöperative movement in agriculture, with which Mr. George W. Russell has been so prominently identified), of the Irish land question and the legislation pertaining thereto, are all set forth in a lucid and interesting summary. The closing pages deal with the recent history of the Home Rule and Sinn Fein movements, the account of which is brought down to the close of 1916.

AN intimate record attractively printed by E. P. Dutton at $2.25 net is "The Art of George Frederick Munn," by Margaret Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabot. Munn was for twenty years a distinguished contributor to the London exhibitions, and most of his pictures are owned in England. Until the memorial exhibition of 1911 in New York his gracious and competent art was little known in America. He was a man of charming and brilliant parts, and had from early years a choice acquaintance. Watts took him into his studio, and the London critics praised his first pictures with discriminating warmth. A most promising career was tragically crossed by a malignant typhus fever, leaving sequels in nervous disability. What remains is rather fragmentary. The landscapes run curiously parallel to those of Homer Martin, but are more professionally solid and objective; less poetical withal. There is always a fine sense of pattern and an intelligent simplification. Munn obeyed his own dictum: "Do not work too much with your hands, but constantly with your eyes. When you do work, do so with careful boldness, and you will have the freshness and strength to win." A number of such opinions and maxims have been recovered from the margins of Munn's sketchbooks and from his diaries. They are not the least interesting part of the volume. In lieu of a general appreciation by the editors, there is a preface by J. Forbes-Robertson. The aura of pious admiration that surrounds the work does not make for precise criticism. What one gets is glimmerings of a superior personality. The edition is limited to 1,000 numbered copies.

The Romance of a French Library

A YEAR or two before the war broke out I made the acquaintance at Paris of a talented French scholar, an authority in France on English literature, Prof. André Koszul, maître de conférence at the Sorbonne and a prisoner in Germany since August, 1914. Second Lieutenant Koszul began his brilliant teaching career at the Lycée of Agen, and one day in conversation with me he said: "I had not been long in the capital of the Lot-et-Garonne before I was attracted to a collection of books, composed mainly of English and American volumes, in the city library. I became particularly interested in a work entitled 'Transcendentalism in New England,' by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. In fact, I soon found myself so wrapped up in its pages that I began preparing a series of articles thereon when Bargy's 'La Religion aux Etats-Unis' appeared, and as it seemed to cover the ground I abandoned, but with reluctance, my project." So when, in the winter of 1915-16, circumstances led me to pass several weeks at Agen, I early seized the occasion to examine in my turn this collection at the Hôtel de Ville.

I soon found that the nucleus of this library was some four or five hundred volumes, which once belonged to the New York literary critic, George Ripley, who, it will be remembered, began life as a Unitarian clergyman at Boston, but soon became interested in the organization of the celebrated Brook Farm society, an attempt to establish a communistic association on a basis of intellectual culture. Ripley pledged his library for $400 of his subscription to the stock. This library, Frothingham tells us in his "Life of Ripley," contained many French and German books, some of which Ripley himself imported from Europe to America and others of which were brought over by a young American, believed to be George Bancroft. But none of these earlier Ripley books are in the Agen collection, if we except a volume or two which once belonged to Mrs. Ripley and a prize which the undergraduate George Ripley took at Har-

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vard in 1823—a two-volume edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In 1846 the treasured volumes of his first library were sold at auction to cover his Brook Farm indebtedness, when financial disaster finally overtook this socialistic experiment as it has overtaken most similar enterprises in all countries and at all periods. Mr. Ripley then resolved never again to collect a library, "since never again could books mean to him what these books had meant," Mr. Frothingham writes. The truth is that the Brook Farm fiasco left him, the chief promoter of the scheme, in such straitened circumstances that it took him many years to recover therefrom, and during that season of stress he and his wife lived in one room at a New York boarding-house, with no place to house books and with no money to buy them. The volumes in the Agen collection come from another source and a later period.

At the moment of the Brook Farm failure, the New York *Tribune* offered Ripley the post of literary critic, and that position he occupied for a quarter of a century in a way honorable to himself and to good letters, as Mr. Frothingham well says. So most of Ripley's books at Agen come from this period of their former owner's life and not a few of them are the very volumes he used in preparing his reviews for the *Tribune*. This is shown in a rather curious way. Thus, the books employed for purposes of review have pages that were cut out and then gummed in again. Parts of these pages are erased with lead pencil and the pages renumbered, evidently done for the compositors of the printing office, signs of whose work are found on them. These pages formed a part of the review article. But Ripley's love for good books and the scantiness of his little library would not let him throw away the mutilated volumes, so here they are preserved for years to come in a distant provincial European town, a lasting proof of his industry and bibliography. Among the volumes so treated are Lord Morley's "Life of Voltaire," Taine's "English Literature," Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers," and John Weiss's "Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker," the celebrated Boston rationalist having been a great friend of Ripley. In fact, several presentation copies of Theodore Parker's works are found in the collection, as, for instance, "Sermons on Theism," Boston, 1853, "with the affectionate wishes of Theodore Parker" written on the fly-leaf of the volume, and "A Discourse on Matters Pertaining to Religion," Boston, 1842. Sometimes the pages cut out for the review article never got back in their places again, and so there are volumes which remain mutilated. A case of this kind is Wemyss Reid's "Charlotte Brontë," New York, 1877.

Among the literary friends of George Ripley none was more faithful to him than George Bancroft, whose second son, bearing the same Christian name as his father, has made Agen his home for nearly the whole of his adult life. In fact, this son, now past eighty, was once a pupil of George Ripley, for one of the tenets of the visionaries of Brook Farm was the proper education of the young. Among the most interesting reminiscences in which the younger George Bancroft likes to indulge are his recollections of those far-off kindergarten days at the Brook Farm community, where the first Mrs. Ripley taught history and the modern languages. In fact, some of her books used for this purpose are found in the Agen collection. A dozen or more of George Bancroft's books are there also, all bearing affectionate dedications on the fly-leaf. Of these volumes, perhaps the most interesting is "Literary and Historical Miscellanies," New York, 1855, inscribed "from his old friend, the author." About four pages of the contents are given up to translations in verse from Schiller and Goethe, made between the years 1818 and 1824, with this printed note at the head of the first page: "The few pieces which follow were written at a very early period of life; some of them while the translator was still a student." The copy of this book in the Agen library would seem to be unique on account of the manuscript changes in Bancroft's neat clear handwriting made in the text of three of Schiller's poems. The present George Bancroft has a copy of this same work, and, though it bears these same changes, they are made in the plates. I may add that all these emendations are marked improvements on the original passages, and perhaps the question may be asked whether they were not suggested to the author by his friend Ripley, the critic.

These presentation copies show that George Ripley was indeed the personal friend of most of the literati of the United States of the middle of the last century, and give a unique stamp to the collection. Here belong the "Dictionary of the English Language," by Worcester, one of the best-thumbed of Ripley's books; the first edition of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," Palfrey's "History of New England," T. W. Parsons's translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy," John Hay's "Castilian Days," Miss Martineau's "Miscellanies," and the works of Aldrich, Stedman, and the other American poets of the last generation. As each volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States" appears, the author sends Ripley a copy with a kindly inscription on the fly-leaf. At one time it is to "the faithful friend," and at another time it is to "the old friend of former days."

To be found in the collection are a goodly number of notable books, such as Wordsworth's Poems in four volumes, Bayard Taylor's translation of Faust, a richly bound volume of Tennyson's Poems, the Appleton edition of most of Herbert Spencer's works, many of the works of John Stuart Mill, many of Emerson's volumes, and a first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

The collection contains several volumes which once belonged to the second Mrs. Ripley, and hereby hangs a rather remarkable tale. The first Mrs. Ripley was a member of the well-known Dana family of New England, and several of her books are to be found at Agen, as has already been stated. She died in 1861, and in 1865 Mr. Ripley married a young German widow, Augusta Schiossberger, *née* Hoerner, who, Mr. Frothingham tells us, had made an unfortunate marriage in Germany. That union had been terminated in New York, where she was residing at the time of her marriage to Ripley, engaged in supporting herself by teaching the piano and the German language. Her husband's biographer describes her at this time as being "a favorite among her friends, highly respected by everybody who knew her, amiable and attractive in person and manner." In March, 1880, Ripley himself wrote of her as "a German lady several years younger than myself, of admirable character and great personal attractions, who has given a charm to my life for the past fourteen years." Mr. Frothingham further says of her: "Mr. Ripley was overjoyed at the pleasant humor of his young wife. . . . He depended on her care and it was lavished on him to the last; in his closing hours he called for no other support from without."

Mr. Ripley lived and died childless, having had no child by either marriage, though he did adopt as his own, giving her his name, the young girl Carmela, the daughter of his

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second wife, the fruit of her marriage with her first husband. This child, however, never resided in America, but always remained with her mother's parents in Stuttgart, where she was well brought up and where Mr. and Mrs. Ripley visited her on two occasions. Carmela eventually married a German officer, Meckel by name, who became a general in the German army, and she it was who gave this collection to Agen, when she and her husband visited the city in 1898 in order to settle up the estate of her mother, who had died the year before.

George Ripley died in 1880, and in 1882 his widow married for a third time, taking as her husband a Frenchman, M. Alphonse Pinède, whose first wife died in London and was English, if I am not mistaken. Books once belonging to M. Pinède and others once belonging to his first wife are found in this collection, which is thus made up of volumes coming from five different persons of American, English, German, and French nationalities. M. Pinède was a member of the Paris bar, a Jew, and a close friend of President Grévy, who appointed him treasurer-general of the Department of the Lot-et-Garonne, with residence at Agen. He died in 1885 at the age of seventy-three, leaving a fortune of some half-million of francs, the income of which his widow was to enjoy during her lifetime.

The second Mme. Pinède was married as an American citizen, the chief witness at the ceremony being the late George W. Roosevelt, then American Consul at Bordeaux, who died Consul-General at Brussels a few years before the war. He was a cousin of President Roosevelt. After the death of her husband, Mme. Pinède at first announced her intention of leaving Agen, but later made a contrary statement, built a new house, furnished it richly, and began giving large parties, one of which cost not less than 12,000 francs. Nobody at Agen up to that time had given entertainments on such a scale. Mme. Pinède rivalled socially even the Prefect, and the municipality named the street in which she lived Cours Washington in her honor. During the life of her French husband, Mme. Pinède had had her entrée at the Elysée Palace, and they were in the habit every summer of visiting President Grévy at his country home at Mont-sous-Vaudrey; and during her residence at Agen the region furnished many Ministers and prominent men to the political life of the Third Republic, such as President Fallières, M. Georges Leygues, M. Joseph Chaumié, etc. It was noted that Mme. Pinède was very assiduous in her attentions to these influential politicians, especially during her widowhood, and the question was often asked at Agen at this time as to whence came the money to enable her to live on such a scale, for neither her own fortune nor that left her by her last husband could have sufficed. Then again there was always something mysterious about her conduct, her conversations, and her movements, particularly her not infrequent visits to Germany, always "to see my daughter," whose husband, let it be remembered, stood high in the German army. In fact, little by little, the opinion grew in well-informed quarters at Agen that Mme. Pinède was one of those high-class spies which Germany was known to keep in foreign countries on both sides of the Atlantic.

Yet there can be no question of the high esteem in which the second Mrs. Ripley was held in New York, where, as she herself used to say at Agen, "I knew all the leading intellectuals." This is well vouched for by the inscriptions in some of the presentation copies of books found in the Agen collection. Thus on the fly-leaf of "Boston Unitarianism," by her husband's biographer, we read: "To Madame L. A. Ripley-Pinède from her friend, O. B. Frothingham." At that time perhaps the leading poet of New York was Stedman, who sent her a new edition of his works and wrote in it: "To L. A. R. Pinède, with love and remembrances from Edmund C. and Laura H. Stedman, Christmas, 1897." On the fly-leaf of Bryant's Poems we read: "Mrs. George Ripley. A remembrance from the studio of her friend Henry T. Tuckerman, with the affectionate regards of his sister. March 1872." Mr. Tuckerman, who had just died, was, it will be remembered, one of the best authors of his day in New York. A richly morocco-bound copy of William Winter's "Trip to England" was sent her a few months before her first husband's death with these lines: "To Mrs. L. A. Ripley, with the cordial regards of her friend Whitelaw Reid, Christmas 1880." But little did these distinguished men and women then imagine that the object of their attentions was to end her life as an abetter, in a small way it may be, of Pan-Germanism!

THEODORE STANTON

Notes from the Capital

Julius Kahn

THE success of Julius Kahn, of California, in carrying through the House the least attractive of the President's great war measures, and this in the teeth of vigorous opposition from leaders of the President's party and considerable criticism from his own associates, affords a striking illustration of what a cool head, a fair vocabulary, a pleasing presence, and an inexhaustible fund of good temper will do for a man in a legislative emergency. Two circumstances lend especial interest to his victory: his German birth and his loyal Republicanism. Born of native parents in the Grand Duchy of Baden, he was brought to this country in childhood, and obtained his schooling in San Francisco in good American fashion by working for a local bakery every day before and after study hours. As a half-grown boy he showed so marked an elocutionary bent that his friends encouraged him to seek a livelihood on the stage, and it so chanced that his first appearance was as Shylock—a part which Hebrews commonly condemn as an unjust caricature on their race. With Kahn the artistic ideal threw all racial antipathies into the shadow, and within two years his work had won him a call to New York, where he remained till the early nineties, supporting Booth, the elder Salvini, Jefferson, Florence, Clara Morris, and other famous actors of that period.

Not all the charms of mimic life, however, could blind him to the fact that in the theatrical profession increasing years are a handicap, notwithstanding the ripened experience they bring; and after a period of deliberation he decided to study for the bar, where maturity ranks high as an asset. As an actor he had visited Washington repeatedly, and been impressed with the opportunity for a career which Congress offered a man who was willing to work hard and wait for his chance; so, first taking a turn in the California Legislature by way of trying his hand, he announced himself a Republican candidate for Congress in a district which had previously been a Democratic stronghold, and carried it by a handsome plurality. This was in 1898, and since then he has been returned term after

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term, with one exception; even in the election immediately following the great fire, which wiped out four-fifths of his constituency, he defeated his Democratic and Socialist competitors by a clear majority of more than twenty-two hundred votes.

Granting that Kahn is a politician and a pretty clever one, this fact alone would not account for his uninterrupted success. He usually contrives to be on the side to which his fellow partisans come, if not at once, at least on second thought; and by being always patient and kindly towards those who do not agree with him at the outset, he wins over men who might have been confirmed in their opposition by a less tactful course. He is of only moderate height, stocky of build, with a round, full, jolly face and genial eyes. It is hard to imagine his ever having played tragic parts, for he has the face of a comedian as plainly labelled as that of the great Coquelin. Optimism, good nature, a cheerful readiness to take the world as he finds it and make the best of the bargain, are what one reads in a countenance which includes a mouth that turns up at the corners and a not too obtrusive double chin. In debate, his voice carries to every part of the hall, and, thanks to its early training, is under perfect command as to modulation and emphasis. He never badgers the speakers on the opposite side and, when they show less consideration for him, gives their heckling so suave a reception as to impress a listener with the notion that he is too assured of the soundness of his own logic to waste time in quarrelling over it.

Kahn's espousal of the cause of the President when the latter was deserted by party friends who would naturally have been first expected to support him, was due not to any personal partiality for Mr. Wilson, but solely to patriotism. He agreed with the President in believing that selective conscription was the basis on which to build up the large army needed by the country at this juncture of affairs; and in the face of such a crisis all individual likes and dislikes, and all partisan affiliations, were pushed aside as inconsiderable. Hardly was this measure out of the way when the espionage question came up, and on that Kahn was as stanchly opposed to the Administration as he had been favorable to its demand for conscription. His course generally in the present session, following nearly twenty years of useful service, has carried him far on the road to party leadership. He is a man on whom the American public would do well to keep its eye, for he is still only fifty-six years old, whereas Mann is sixty-one and Cannon is on the superannuated list. TATTLER

Crop Prospects for 1917

FROM what early in the season was a discouraging view of crop prospects the United States has passed to one that is glowingly encouraging. The reason is plain: in the early crop reports wheat, the most advanced crop, bulked large, and wheat, particularly winter wheat, was in a bad way. Now that the other crops are sufficiently far advanced to justify forecasts, wheat falls back into its proper position among our varied and enormous products. Indeed, wheat would have to take a relatively smaller place than usual this year even were the yield good per acre. The farmers have planted an acreage one-seventh greater than usual in corn. Oats promise the heaviest yield on record, amounting to almost one and a half billion bushels. The place of potatoes and rice among our national food resources, thanks to a great increase of acreage in each case, will be much enlarged. Finally, the outlook for wheat has improved steadily, if only slightly. The July report indicates that we shall have 678,000,000 bushels, which is 22,000,000 more than the June report estimated. There is no doubt that the farmers, bidden to increase their acreage, have conspired with the more and more favorable season. The killing out of winter wheat has made possible the planting of other crops on perhaps seven million acres that in 1916 went into wheat, but the total increased acreage in other food crops is greater than that.

The future of course holds many uncertainties, particularly as so much hope is pinned to the forecast of a record of 3,124,000,000 bushels of corn; late summer droughts and early frosts could disastrously reduce the crop. Last year was one in which July estimates proved higher than the actual crop returns in corn, wheat, and oats. As for corn, the July estimate was for 2,866 million bushels, and the final crop has been placed at 2,583 million bushels; for wheat, the July estimate was for 759 million bushels, and the actual crop was 639 million; and for oats, the estimate was for 1,317 million bushels, and the crop 1,252 million bushels. But 1916 was an anomalous year, and it is safe ordinarily to count upon a certain conservatism in the predictions of the Agricultural Department. Thus in 1912, and more strikingly in 1915, the earlier predictions as to wheat were much too low. Even last December the Department added 33,000,000 bushels to the estimate it had made of the wheat crop just after harvest. Dispatches from the Southwest state that the yields at threshing outrun expectations, and private estimates of the wheat crop have run between 675,000,000 and 700,000,000 bushels, bearing out the Department's estimate of 678,000,000. Moreover, if there is scant margin to be spared in wheat, in other crops it is generous. The forecast of a total production of 1,453,000,000 bushels of oats is nearly 300,000,000 bushels above the 1910-14 average. With well over three billion bushels of corn possible, we could spare 400,000,000 bushels and still keep to the 1910-14 average. The indicated barley crop is the third largest ever grown, with over 200,000,000 bushels, the rye crop the largest, the rice crop the second largest, and the white and sweet potato production much larger than ever before. White potatoes, without counting production in home gardens, are expected to total 452,000,000 bushels, or nearly 100,000,000 bushels more than the large 1915 crop.

The crop forecast will be eagerly scanned abroad as an indication of what America can do to feed the Allies and the needy neutrals. Speaking in Toronto, W. J. Hanna, Food Controller of Canada, has just said that Canada and the United States together would have to export 460,000,000 bushels of wheat, not allowing for cargoes sunk. He estimated that normal home consumption plus this export would be 160,000,000 bushels more than the two countries would raise, but explained that the shortage could be made up by substitutes for wheat. In its best year Canada raised 375,000,000 bushels of wheat, and this year may raise 250,000,000. An improving outlook in both countries must tend to discount Mr. Hanna's estimate. Not until the crop is reaped in England, France, and elsewhere can we really know how much must be cut off our normal

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consumption of wheat. But it will certainly be something, and the huge production of corn in prospect shows how it can be effected. The United States can be put upon a ration containing a larger element of corn with ease, for the American housewife is skilled in the home-baking of bread, and corn-bread cannot be made in bakeries. Soldiers in the field cannot consume cornmeal except as mixed with wheat flour. Simple economy will also save wheat bread. The potatoes, rice, oats, and other foods which we hope to produce in unprecedented quantities will, in seeking a market, naturally displace some wheat. In what indirect ways the American outlook in regard to food is improved by the bright report on corn is shown in the prediction that it will at once ease the pressure on cattle-raisers to send immature live stock to market.

The reapers are by this time reaching the Central States, and when the next Government report appears it will be possible to regard wheat, oats, and hay as crops whose final proportions are fairly well known. It is encouraging that we hear very little of a shortage of labor. In part this may be explained by the reduced acreage and yield of wheat, but there are signs that there has been a mobilization of labor that will provide for any demands by the harvests which partly overlap and partly follow the harvesting of wheat.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

Irwin, W. The Latin at War. Appleton. $1.75 net.
Kirkpatrick, M. G. The Rural School from Within. Lippincott. $1.28 net.
Levine, I. D. The Russian Revolution. Harper. $1 net.
Mills, E. A. Your National Parks. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Muir, R. The Expansion of Europe. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Osborn, F. W. Selections, Moral and Religious, from the Works of John Ruskin. Badger. $1 net.
Papers from Picardy. By Two Chaplains. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Parsons, C. C. Office Organization and Management. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Powell, E. A. Brothers in Arms. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Quin, M. The Problem of Human Peace. Dutton. $3 net.
Ramsay, M. P. Les Doctrines Médiévales chez Donne, Le Poète Métaphysicien de l'Angleterre. Oxford University Press.
Ramsay, W. M. The Intermixture of Races in Asia Minor. Oxford University Press.
Ruggles, N. O. An Old Wine in a New Bottle. Gorham Press. 50 cents.
Shepherd, W. G. Confessions of a War Correspondent. Harper. $1 net.
Sidis, B. Philistine and Genius. Badger. $1 net.
Smith, F. The Destruction of Merchant Ships under International Law. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Switzer, D. A. Stories of the Occult. Badger. $1.25 net.
Tilden, F. Second Wind. Huebsch. $1 net.
Van Kleeck, M. A Seasonal Industry. Russell Sage Foundation. $1.50 net.
Wambaugh, E. Guide to the Articles of War. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Wells, F. L. Mental Adjustments. The Conduct of Mind Series. Appleton. $2.50 net.
War Flying. By a Pilot. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Whitton, F. E. The Marne Campaign. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Brown, S. Sex Worship and Symbolism of Primitive Races. Badger. $3 net.
Cunningham, W. The Increase of True Religion. Oxford University Press.
Morgan, W. The Religion and Theology of Paul. London: T. & T. Clark.
Naville, E. The Text of the Old Testament. Oxford University Press.
Palmer, W. S. Providence and Faith. With an Introductory Essay by C. H. S. Matthews. Macmillan. $1 net.
Robie, W. F. Rational Sex Ethics. Badger. $3.50 net.
Sanders, H. A. The Old Testament Manuscripts in the Freer Collection. Part II—Washington Manuscript of the Psalms. Macmillan.
Sanford, E. B. Origin and History of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Hartford, Conn.: S. S. Scranton Co.
The Holy Scriptures: A New Translation. Jewish Publication Society of America.
The Religious History of New England. King's Chapel Lectures. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.
Troward, T. The Law and the Word. McBride. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Farrell, H. P. An Introduction to Political Philosophy. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.
Hoar, R. S. Constitutional Conventions. Little, Brown. $2 net.
Kitson, A. Trade Fallacies. London: P. S. King & Son.
O'Brien, C. Food Preparedness for the United States. Little, Brown. 60 cents.
Pigou, A. C. The Economy and Finance of the War. A Discussion. Dutton. 60 cents.
Williams, W. S. The Problem of the Unemployed. Badger. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Clark, J. B. Some Personal Recollections of Dr. Janeway. Putnam. $1 net.
Jamison, E. M., and Others. Italy, Mediæval and Modern: A History. Oxford University Press. $2.90.
Leith, D. Algernon Charles Swinburne: Personal Recollections by His Cousin. Putnam. $2 net.
Records of the Original Proceedings of the Ohio Company. Vol. I. Edited by A. B. Hulbert. Marietta, O.: Marietta Historical Commission.
Russell, G. W. E. Arthur Stanton. A Memoir. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Russian Court Memoirs, 1914-16. Dutton.
Schevill, F. Karl Bitter: A Biography. University of Chicago Press.

POETRY

Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Revised and definitive edition. Edited by J. H. Whitty. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25 net.
The Poems of B. I. Durward, with Life and Criticism on Poetry. Second edition. Pilgrim Publication Co.
Watson, W. L. The Man Who Saw, and Other Poems Arising Out of the War. Harper. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Croy, M. S. 1,000 Hints on Flowers and Birds. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Morrey, C. B. The Fundamentals of Bacteriology. Philadelphia: Lea & Febiger. $3 net.
Science and the Nation. Essays by Cambridge Graduates, with an introduction by Lord Moulton. Edited by A. C. Seward. Putnam.
Seltz, C. Direct-Method Physical Development. New York: Fenno. $1 net.
Shipley, A. E. Studies in Insect Life. Dutton. $3.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Legrand, P. E. The New Greek Comedy. Translated by J. Loeb. Putnam.
Mackaye, P. Community Drama. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Saga Plays. Longmans, Green. $1.25 net.

ART.

Carrington, F. Engravers and Etchers. The Art Institute of Chicago.

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Summary of the News

IT is impossible to narrate with even approximate accuracy the sequence of events in the political crisis in Germany. One rumor after another has been superimposed on the news which the German Government has allowed to get past the censorship, and it is a safe estimate that the information is to be accepted with as much reserve in the one case as in the other.

UP to a certain point it is tolerably plain what has happened. The Reichstag coalition of the Catholics of the Centre with the Socialists, signified by the speech of Erzberger, forced von Bethmann-Hollweg to make some kind of a declaration to the Reichstag committee. According to accounts from Berne of reports in German newspapers, he declined again to state any definite terms of peace and repeated the formula about fighting and conquering. That the subsequent crisis was forced by the Reichstag there is no room for doubt, though in what precise way we do not know, except that the Reichstag seems to have insisted on adjourning against the wishes of the Government. At any rate, after some juggling by the Chancellor with the offer of places in the Cabinet to radical representatives, a Crown Council was held to which the Crown Prince was summoned, and on July 12 the Kaiser made a concession to democracy by issuing an Imperial rescript calling on the Prussian Diet to introduce legislation for the reform of suffrage.

IN the subsequent developments the Crown Prince appears to have played an important part. The definite ousting of von Bethmann-Hollweg, which was announced on July 14, is attributed to his intervention, together with that of Hindenburg and Ludendorf. Bethmann's successor in the Chancellorship is a relatively obscure person of plebeian origin, Dr. Georg Michaelis, who, until his elevation to this dizzy height, was a Prussian under-Secretary of Finance and the Prussian Food Controller. As to the new Chancellor's future policies only the vaguest speculation seems to have been indulged by the German press, and until his statement in the Reichstag, which was to be made today, nothing definite can be known. His antecedents, however, which are those of a typical Prussian bureaucrat, and the part which the Crown Prince has played in the affair, do not appear to hold much promise either of a more conciliatory peace programme or of far-reaching constitutional changes in the direction of democracy. The general impression seems to be that his appointment, even as a stopgap, represents a victory, at any rate temporary, for the Hindenburg-Ludendorf faction.

AT home several steps forward have been made during the past week in preparations for waging a war that the Germans, one may presume, are at last beginning to realize is to be in earnest. The Senate has spent most of its time and thought in unravelling the tangle in which it had got itself enmeshed through the over-zealousness of Prohibitionists. Apparently, not the least among the objections to the "whiskey" amendment is that it is unconstitutional. The exact procedure to be followed has not been definitely determined as we write; but it has been agreed that the vote on the Food bill shall be taken on Saturday, by which time it is expected that a great part of the burden of amendments will have been sloughed off it and the bill will be presented in a much simpler and more workmanlike form. The "whiskey" amendment may have disappeared before the vote is taken, or it may be left to conference of the two houses to eliminate it or change it into some kind of practical legislation.

PREPARATIONS for the drawing of the draft are being pushed to completion, and hope is expressed in Washington that the machinery may all be ready by the end of the week and the drawing itself take place early next week. Meanwhile mobilization of the National Guard for active service began on Monday and will be completed by August 5.

ESPIONAGE continues to receive a considerable amount of attention in Washington. Various arrests of suspected persons, some of them not without importance in the community, have been made during the past week in various parts of the country. The most effective measure, however, was the President's proclamation of July 14 prohibiting insurance companies organized in Germany from engaging in the business of marine or war-risk insurance. A censorship on outgoing cable messages will be established by the end of the week.

WHETHER the controversy between Gen. Goethals and Mr. Denman is destined to be revived in an acute form remains to be seen. The present outlook is not encouraging. The President last week conferred upon the Emergency Fleet Corporation authority to commandeer vessels on the stocks and hasten their construction, and power was also given to the corporation to take charge of new construction and to expend the $500,000,000 for materials and building cost of the new fleet. Gen. Goethals was ready to go ahead with the programme on Monday, but was again held up by the intervention of Mr. Denman. Indications, as we write, point to further delay and an unseemly personal quarrel, from which it is to be hoped the country may be saved by the President.

OTHER measures of preparation may be listed as follows: The Administration's Aviation bill, carrying an appropriation of $640,000,000, was passed by the House on July 14 without a dissenting vote. On July 11 the House passed without a roll call the Trading with the Enemy bill. On the same date the President issued an appeal to the business interests of the country to put patriotism above self-interest, or rather greed, in the matter of war prices. The appeal to patriotism was reinforced by a distinct hint that legal measures would be employed in the case of those who failed to respond to it. On Monday there came into force the very necessary policy of licensing exports, taken under the provisions of the embargo clause of the Espionage bill.

ON the western front there is little to record except the repulse of German attacks on the Aisne and in the Champagne and a local German success in Belgium, north of Nieuport. After heavy artillery preparation the Germans launched a strong attack on this line which practically wiped out the two British battalions that were defending it and drove the British back on the Yser to a depth of 600 yards along a front of about a mile.

RUSSIA continues her offensive in Galicia. The occupation of Halicz, announced in dispatches of July 11, was followed by that of Kalusz and of Novica. German troops are said to have been hurried to this front to stiffen the failing resistance of the Austrians, but counter-attacks have in every case been repulsed, and the Russians continue to make progress and to bring in prisoners. Fighting seems now to have spread along the greater part of the entire front. Internal conditions in Russia show an improvement similar to that of the army. An important step towards consolidation was taken last week with the creation of a Central Executive Committee, representing the Pan-Russian Congress of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, which will sit in Petrograd and coöperate with the Provisional Government. The President of the Committee is N. C. Tcheidse. There seemed to be a rift within the lute of harmony last week, when it was reported that Finland had determined on complete autonomy, a decision not agreeable to the Russian Government, but later dispatches indicate that the matter will be peaceably adjusted.

CAUTION is to be observed in the interpretation of losses by submarines, but the British list for the week ended July 8 certainly lends color to the theory that recent events in Germany are not unconnected with disappointment over the submarine campaign. In that week only fourteen ships of more and three of less than 1,600 tons were sunk, while seventeen were unsuccessfully attacked. Arrivals were 2,899; sailings, 2,798. Announcement of the sinking through an internal explosion of the British Dreadnought Vanguard was made on July 13.

NOT reprisals, but a very definite and valuable military object was involved in the bombing exploit over Constantinople undertaken by British aeroplanes on July 11, the main object of the attack being the German cruiser Goeben.

THE report of the Mesopotamian Commission, which has aroused widespread indignation in England, has led to the resignation of Austen Chamberlain from the office of Secretary of State for India. Mr. Chamberlain announced his resignation on July 12. A judicial inquiry into the conduct of those in authority who were censured by the Commission has been promised by the Government.

HOME RULE for Ireland, according to the general opinion, received another blow, and the chances for a successful outcome of the convention were reduced by the victory last week of a Sinn Feiner in the by-election at East Clare to fill the Parliamentary vacancy created by the recent death in action at the front of Major William Redmond.

CHINA'S monarchy seems, in Disraeli's phrase, to be not only dead, but damned. The Republicans last week won an easy victory over the monarchist troops in Peking itself, and the reactionary general Chang Hsun took refuge in the Dutch Legation. Washington received official news on July 14 of the assumption of the office of Provisional President by Feng Kuo-Chang.

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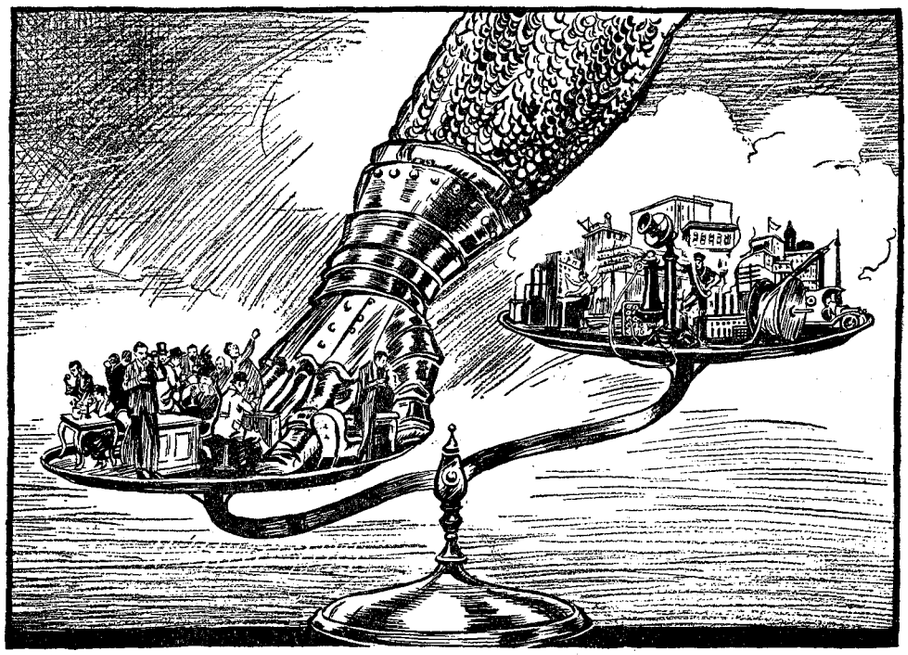

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In planning for additions to the plant of the Bell System for 1917, one hundred and thirty millions of dollars were apporti[illegible]ned. This is by far the largest progran[illegible]r undertaken.

But th[illegible]f raw materials has doubled [illegible]. Adequate supplies of copper, [illegible]ire, steel and other essentials o[illegible] equipment are becoming harc[illegible]get at any price, for the demands [illegible]ar must be met.

Under the p[illegible]ure of business incident to war, the [illegible]ephone-using public must co-operate in order that our new plans to meet the extraordinary growth in telephone stations and traffic may be made adequate.

The elimination of unnecessary telephone calls is a patriotic duty just as is the elimination of all waste at such a time. Your Government must have a "clear talk track."

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